

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 118, Vol. 5.

January 30, 1858.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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THE INCORPORATION OF INDIA AND ENGLAND.

THE march of English history and the direction of English progress have so long appeared to be conclusively settled, that it is a task of the utmost difficulty to convince Englishmen that any particular measure submitted to their Legislature ought to be looked upon as affecting the destinies of their country for all time to come. The rather petty view which the English public habitually takes of political questions, is excused by the fact that few questions are of really vital consequence to England; yet one has at last arisen of most overwhelming seriousness, and there is the greatest reason to fear that it will be disposed of with suicidal levity and ruinous precipitation, unless the statesmen of our Parliament approach it in a frame of mind very different from that which suits an ordinary Parliamentary debate. We have not the slightest doubt that, in the discussion on the coming India Bill, the merits and demerits of the Double Government will be properly sifted. We are sure that the bearing of Lord PALMERSTON'S proposal on the interests of the middle classes will receive adequate attention. But we vehemently doubt whether Parliament can be brought to comprehend the immeasurable ulterior consequences of incorporating the great barbaric body of India into the political system of England. How many of us have realized all that is implied in the fact that the Christian subjects of Her MAJESTY are about to become a small minority among 180 millions of the QUEEN'S dependents, who are idolaters, polygamists, and barbarians? How many of us discern that all the principles of which God, for the blessing of the world, has given England the deposit, are for once at stake and in jeopardy? Yet the evidence of the truth lies broad on the face of history. No great civilization has ever yet perished except from causes external to itself. The destroying agency has been, in every single case, the contaminating contact of barbarism. We speak sometimes of the civilizations of Greece, Rome, and Republican Italy as having contained within themselves the elements of decay; but these seeds of seeming decline were in fact only seeds of transformation, and each of those illustrious societies would have continued to exist in some novel form, if the first had not been trampled down by the Macedonian, the second by the Goth, and the third by the accumulated savagery of mediæval Europe. It is true we need not apprehend from India any material conquest. No future NANA SAHIB is destined to become our PHILIP, our ALARIC, or our CHARLES OF ANJOU. But, in days like ours, there are other ways in which captive India can lead captive her civilized conqueror. The moral civilization of England consists in certain ideas, certain maxims, certain principles. Ideas are conquered, when those who proclaim them are compelled to admit that they are not universal. Maxims are conquered, when they are uttered with stammering lips. Principles are conquered, when their application is arbitrarily limited. After this fatal Bill has once been passed, we shall not venture to assert that all men are entitled to liberty of conscience, for we intend to refuse spiritual free-

dom to the immense majority of our fellow-subjects. We shall not dare to say that military government is a wrong to humanity, for 180 millions of men will be governed militarily from the Horse-Guards. We shall be afraid to lay down that all who contribute to the expenses of the State have a right to a voice in its management, for the position will not be true of a population which contributes a far larger proportion of its substance to the public purse than the most heavily-taxed community in Europe. All the keen weapons which we now wield for our own security, the terror of tyrants, and the hope of the world, will lose their point in our dependency; and the very improvements with which we mean to endow the Hindoo in return for our despotism—railways, electric telegraphs, and overland routes—will return them to us all the quicker, maimed, blunted, and useless. India, like a colossal torpedo, will paralyse the beneficent activities, and benumb the free moral life of England.

Everybody can illustrate for himself the infinite detriment caused to a civilized society by contact or fusion with barbarism. There is no doubt, we imagine, that the retrogression which has perceptibly taken place since 1815 over the Continent of Europe in many important particulars, is attributable to the increased influence of the semi-barbarous Empire of Russia. But there is an example nearer home. Ireland has recently achieved such wonders in moral and material progress that we trust we shall not give offence by saying that, in the last century, she was a semi-civilized society, anomalously incorporated with the political system of a much more advanced community. Our annals, for a hundred years, are full of the disastrous results of that worse than Mezentian union. It was the secret of almost every disease which afflicted the body politic or ecclesiastical. It produced that excessive officialism which had nearly expelled spiritual life from the Anglican Church. It intensified the jobbery which disgraced the middle of the last century. It went far to cause that reaction from the principles of 1688 which nearly converted GEORGE III. into a despot. It was at the bottom of that blindly furious hatred of the French name which prolonged the War of the Revolution far beyond its natural duration. It notoriously gave us the LIVERPOOL Administration, and thus postponed Parliamentary Reform till the demand for it almost shook the State to pieces. Such were the consequences of having a society under our sceptre which we were afraid to govern on our own principles, and which thus became the natural ally of our deadliest foe. Men not yet arrived at middle life can remember some of the paradoxes in opinion which sprung from this origin. Fifteen years ago, each of the great political parties was afraid of enunciating its own principles, lest they should confound its Irish policy. The Tories, as Mr. DISRAELI truly enough inculcates, had been the depositaries of the doctrine of popular sovereignty; yet, the instant Ireland began to affect their political action, they laid aside maxims which would have involved the enfranchisement of Roman Catholics; and hence it was that, during the MELBOURNE Administration, though animated doubtless with the spirit of freemen, they sometimes talked the language of autocratic tyranny. So, too, the Whig, the historical patron of Protestantism, almost changed himself into a Papist from horror of Protestant ascendancy.

Ireland, at the very worst, was always a Christian, and in a certain degree a civilized nation. To obtain a close parallel with the experiment we are asked to try, we must take a much more unfavourable example, and unfortunately there is one only too thoroughly in point. Let us make up our minds at once to the fact that the society we are about to consolidate with our own is as nearly as possible identical with that of the Southern States of the American Federation. It may be that the resemblances will turn out

to be absolutely startling. The only zealous supporters of Lord PALMERSTON'S measure are those who wish, and deliberately intend, to found in India an Anglo-Saxon oligarchy, ruling—we borrow the significant phrase straight from Calcutta—over a nation of Niggers. But even should we escape this extremity of wickedness and degradation, we shall still experience, though in a mitigated form, the self-same evils for which America is indebted to the mass of barbarism which she includes in her system. A new set of constitutional principles will have to be invented to excuse and explain the policy which presides over our treatment of our subjects. Already, in fact, there are beginning to be heard among us the abominable maxims which deny the brotherhood of the human family, and apologize for tyranny by asserting the natural subjection of race to race. Even though we should be animated by the best and most beneficent intentions, the exigencies of Indian government will always be compelling us to limit, by dangerous and damaging reservations, the rules which we have hitherto applied unreservedly to ourselves. What enormous advantage will such reservations confer on those among ourselves who desire for their interested purposes to shackle or retard our progress! Above all, what advantage will they confer on our foreign foes? How shall we answer the Ultramontane and the Imperialist when they point out that the English nation, with all its clamorous patronage of political and religious freedom, is all the while the sternest military despot and the busiest ecclesiastical meddler on the face of the globe? We may, of course, reply that the interest of the subject race, no less than our own safety, compels us to refuse it the privileges which we claim for ourselves. This is the exact response which the United States have always given to their foreign censors, and how has the world received it? With an incredulity so fixed, and a scorn so unanimous, that the moral influence of the great North American Republic, which promised once to be almost boundless, is hardly more appreciably felt in Europe than that of Chili or Peru. It is to Southern Slavery, and Southern Slavery alone, that the country of Washington is indebted for the unquestionable fact that the immortal texts of her Constitution and of her Declaration of Independence are regarded everywhere beyond her borders as jokes, impertinences, or sarcasms.

That which the superficial clamourers of the platform have denounced as the unpardonable sin of the Double Government, we applaud and admire as its strictest recommendation. It has built up a wall of separation between India and England; and well is it for us that it has done so. No maxim of Indian administration has re-acted as yet upon English government or opinion. English principles have been successfully modified so as to fit them for application to the circumstances of our dependency; but in their altered and truncated form, they have not been allowed to recoil on ourselves. So far from diminishing our influence, India, as ruled by the East India Company, has immensely increased it, since, without compromising our acknowledged championship of political liberty, it has allowed us to acquire a reputation for military and administrative science which has vastly added to our greatness in the eyes of those who set a disproportionate value on arms and administration. But the abolition of the Double Government, while it imperils the good which has been effected, opens a free passage to the evil which has been neutralized. It is more than doubtful whether India will be the better for the change—it is absolutely certain that England will be the worse. We should think it no trifling danger if the principles, admirable for India, on which the policy of the Company has hitherto been based, had to be affirmed by English opinion, and embodied in statutes by the English Parliament. So, too, we should consider it a very doubtful advantage if retired Indians, matured under the existing system, formed any very considerable element in English society. But if, as probably will be the case, Lord PALMERSTON'S revolution adds vastly to the power and numbers of the trafficking English settlers, and encourages the civil and military officers of the Government in a masterful propagandism, the result will be that our newspapers will shortly re-echo the maxims of the Inquisition, and our society will be leavened with a regular addition of about two thousand persecutors and tyrants a year. India, brought full in sight of England, will serve her as a great school in which she may learn the principles of the King of NAPLES, and the practices of Mrs. STOWE'S Legree.

THE IMPERIAL SYSTEM.

WE may fairly hope that some of the remarks which the French EMERSON'S late manifesto has called forth from our journals, are intended to be taken in a diplomatic sense. We were told the other day, on the best authority, that the title of the new French journal, *La Verité*, must be construed sarcastically, for truth had perished out of France. We have also lately received from the same authority accounts of the incipient persecution of Protestants in a country which, with all its errors, seemed at least to have established the great principle of religious toleration. We have further been assured, in the same columns, that the repressive system of the Empire has produced the demoralization of society in France. It is now said that "there is scarcely an Englishman who will not wish success" to a further development of that very repressive system from which these consequences have flowed. This assertion, we say, must be taken diplomatically. The spirit of our ancestors, who knew how to value worldly wealth and greatness, and also how to value higher things, is not so dead in their descendants—Englishmen are not yet universally indifferent to the cause of toleration, morality, and truth. We venture to doubt whether, even in a diplomatic sense, such language is necessary or wise. Happily for us, and for the highest interests of mankind, LOUIS NAPOLEON is not the master of our independence or the arbiter of our liberties; and it seems better not to make him fancy that he is, by offering him that which, as he knows English sentiments, he must know to be the hypocritical flattery of fear. He has not always been on a throne. *Et Othoni nuper privato nota adulatio*. The real moral strength of England, and her assurance in the hour of trial, if ever that hour should come, lie in the adherence of the party of liberty throughout the world; and that party is everywhere disgusted and alienated by what, through the present anomalous position of the English daily press, it is led to take for a general apostasy of the English nation. At the same time a store of retributive hatred is laid up for us in case of the arrival of what people have agreed to call the "abyss"—that is the return to power of the Liberal party in France. The French Liberals, it is fair to say, ask of us nothing unreasonable. They think it perfectly natural that we should behave amicably to any French Government that behaves amicably to us. But they justly deprecate the gratuitous intervention of a free nation on the side of triumphant despotism and against fallen freedom; and if their hour returns, they will not forget their wrong. On an enlarged view, therefore, even of mere diplomacy, it seems to us better that England should still be herself. But, be this as it may, if it is the duty of great journals to diplomatize, it is the duty of humbler journals to keep the truth.

To say that liberty is the natural heritage of Englishmen, but that Frenchmen are good for nothing but despotism, is a very common, but a very shallow, as well as very insolent pretence for cringing to the powers that be. Those principles would indeed be held by a precarious tenure here, which should be manifestly false on the other side of the Channel. No doubt there is a good deal in race. The French character is in some respects more, and in some respects less, capable of political greatness than our own. It has more sociability and self-devotion, less self-reliance and self-control. It rose perhaps above anything in our history in 1789—it fell below anything in our history in 1793. But the shallowest of all the philosophies of history, we are thankful to say, is that which makes the destinies of nations dependent on ineradicable diversities of national character derived from differences of race. The Gospel and experience alike proclaim that in the deepest part of character—the religious part—men of all nations under heaven are capable of perfect and absolute assimilation. It would seem to follow that they are capable of ultimate assimilation, under favourable circumstances and with proper treatment, in every other moral respect. Words cannot express the depth of absurdity and inconsistency which are involved in denying the hope of liberty to the Frenchman and offering Protestantism to the Hindoo. In judging of the ultimate capabilities of a class or an individual, you must take the best specimens of the one and the best acts of the other; and the best political minds of different European nations are not distinguishable from each other in any material respect. Nobody can find in English publicists a good sense, a sobriety, a calmness of tone, or any other excellence, which he will miss in GUIZOT, DE TOCQUEVILLE, RÉMUSAT, BASTIAT, or JULES SIMON. No account of their own institutions has more currency with Englishmen than that of

M. DE MONTALEMBERT. Are the French so very inferior, politically speaking, to the Belgians, who are in the full and safe enjoyment of constitutional liberties, in spite of the intrigues of the Ultramontane conspiracy at their very door? What the easy philosophy of fatalism styles the destinies of France were really in great measure her misfortunes; and of these misfortunes England is not guiltless. The reckless raids of the Plantagenets were mainly instrumental in destroying local and borough liberties, crushing the rising intelligence and influence of the third estate, and turning France out of a course of political development essentially similar to our own. But for those fatal fields on which we reaped a barren and criminal glory, the privileges of the gentry and the burghers, and the religion of the Huguenots, might afterwards have triumphed over the power and the religion of the Crown. We suffered for this at a distant period, when CHARLES II. and JAMES II. successively became the protected minions of LOUIS QUATORZE—an epoch at which a foreign writer, looking at past troubles and present servility, might have confidently asserted that Englishmen were incapable of freedom. Again, under the fatal influence of GEORGE III. and his Tory Minister, we took part, though not a forward nor a wholly unprovoked part, in that coalition against the independence of revolutionary France which drove the moderate party from power and gave over the panic-stricken nation to the ascendancy of DANTON and ROBESPIERRE. The personal intrigue and weakness of LOUIS PHILIPPE ruined in France that which to preserve in England severely tasked the personal integrity and firmness of WILLIAM III. But the greatest, perhaps, of all the misfortunes which have befallen France in the course of her history, is one which, if anything in the affairs of men is accidental, may be justly called a lamentable accident. Twice, at the very crisis of her destinies, she has fallen into the hands, not of a WASHINGTON, nor even of a CROMWELL, but of a BONAPARTE.

Another good excuse for politic sycophancy is that the EMPEROR preserves France and even Europe from an "abyss." The abyss from which the revolutionary adventurers who plotted the *coup d'état* actually rescued France was a Republic, premature indeed, and most rashly introduced, but which had struggled successfully with anarchy—a Republic in which the Party of Order was decidedly predominant, and which would have had CAVAIGNAC for President if LOUIS NAPOLEON had been out of the way. The greatest remaining source of danger and disturbance was the intrigues of pretenders, and especially of the present occupant of the throne. "The advance of every power must be a long struggle," says now the man who cut the throat of the Republic on the pretence that a long struggle would be involved in its advance. But whatever the amount of political evil left to encounter may have been, it is not extinguished, but only suspended, by the interlude of the Empire—or rather it is accumulating, at a very high rate of interest, against what may not be a very distant day. Every moment of compulsory inaction to which the nation is doomed diminishes that political virtue and that power of self-control which can be acquired and sustained by exercise alone. Of course it is possible that the dynasty of the BONAPARTES may be perpetual. M. BILLAULT believes this, and he believes that the position of LOUIS NAPOLEON is parallel to that of WILLIAM III. But otherwise the chances are that even those Frenchmen who support the Empire from cowardice would have done better in struggling manfully with the difficulties they had, than in exchanging them for those which are to come. And we must remind them that there are other sources of confusion, and even of civil war, besides those which arise from the disorders of a republic. The example of a successful usurpation accomplished by such means as were employed in the *coup d'état* is a standing incentive to lawless and desperate ambition. "The throne of my son" may be occupied by weakness, and then there will be an opportunity for some other great man to get Providence out of difficulties by treason and massacre. Even should the succession be undisturbed, the temper of the legitimate Prince may bring on French society, composed as it is, disturbances of the most serious kind. Suppose the son of the present EMPEROR, who will no doubt be educated by priests, should grow up a bigoted and persecuting Ultramontanist, would his reign be calmer than the perfect toleration of the Republic? But still more do we protest against the miserable doctrine that the EMPEROR, or any other individual, is essential to the existence of law, morality, and religion in Europe. Such a notion is worthy only of a Court tailor, a Cardinal, or a *maitresse en titre*. One would suppose we

were living amid the drags of the Lower Empire, not in an age full of moral and intellectual greatness, and strong, though divided faith. Let us have a little more confidence in the real principles by which the social union subsists, and on the increasing power of which—not on the "sabre-sway" of any "saviour"—the tranquillity, as well as the improvement of society, depends. If the French dynasty were overturned to-morrow, it might no doubt go hard, as Archbishop CULLEN apprehends, with the Ultramontane conspiracy, and possibly with the POPE; but civilized man would still have regard for the commonweal, still reverence law, and desire and be capable of maintaining a regular government, and the world, though deprived of a "Messiah of Order," would still be in the hands of God.

The nature of the Empire has undergone no change by its last move. It has only become more alarmed, and therefore more repressive. It finds itself impelled by the conditions of its existence to wage war more and more against that freedom of discussion which is not, as some seem to suppose, a luxury, an ornament, or a privilege, but the necessary medium of national progress—as necessary to national progress as respiration is to animal life. The Roman Empire, of which the French Empire is a professed imitation, and which it in some respects really resembles, was far more liberal towards intellect in its earlier period. The greatest historian of the Augustan age was a republican, the greatest poets were admirers of CATO. The Roman Empire came in open day to a society in which only a very few hearts craved for more than the tranquillity of political death, and therefore it had at first no moral antagonist to fear or to coerce. The French Empire surprised in the night a society, distracted indeed and wearied for the moment, and labouring under some grave corruptions, but full of moral and intellectual life, and of the aspirations which that life inspires. These it is its doom at once, as far as possible, to suppress. It has turned French journalism by bribery and coercion into one vast sycophancy, compared with which absolute silence would be a moral boon. It has stooped (in imitation, M. BILLAULT would say, of WILLIAM III.,) to tamper with the drama. It has now come to suppressing reviews and histories. It will soon find that all political and social philosophy is equally its bane, and that it can bear no "abstract theories"—nothing that tends to raise men above sensualism, jesuitism, and force. It has bound itself to the service of a spiritual tyranny, in favour of which it is violating the principles of religious equality and secular education, and which repays it with seditious intrigue, and such homage as an Augur might have rendered to a CÆSAR, as a Christian might render to his GOD. It has broken the principle of social equality, whatever may be said to the contrary, by the gradual institution of a new aristocracy and the exaltation of a military caste. MIRABEAU and LAFAYETTE would scarcely recognise this development of the "civilizing ideas of 1789." LOUIS NAPOLEON may once have dreamed of carrying out those ideas as a liberal dictator, and leaving France more tranquil than he found it, and not less free; but if he had such a vision, it must have vanished with the birth of his heir. His line is now taken. He has to struggle with the aid of his subservient, or rather his dominant priesthood, for the extinction of their common enemy. England has only to let him alone, so long as he conducts himself, as he has hitherto done, uprightly and amicably towards this nation. Some Englishmen will no doubt wish him success, as some Englishmen wished success to PHILIP II. and to LOUIS XIV. But we cannot so far flatter him as to say that the majority of the English people will do so. The great majority of the English people will wish success in this perilous struggle to their own cause—the cause of liberty and truth.

THE MORAL OF AN OLD FABLE.

"WHAT was the song," says the old puzzle, "which the 'Sirens sang to Ulysses?' What, we venture to ask, was the tune which the Fox persuaded the Crow to sing on the famous occasion when that weak-minded fowl sat aloft on the bough, holding a savoury lump of flesh in his beak? We suspect it was Parliamentary Control. You, urged the Fox—you, O Crow of the Middle Classes—govern the Court, the Commons, and the country with the melodious thunder of your voice. A 'strictly Parliamentary system' moves entirely to your music. Do not we, your humble servants of the aristocracy, always tell you this, when, once in seven

years, we court your autocratic vociferation? Why, then, suffer an exception to the universality of your resonance? Why not make yourself directly and plainly heard in India? Why permit your imperial accents to be deadened by the curtain of the Company? Why, above all, be ashamed to proclaim your Christianity? You wear a black coat—you are providentially white about the gills—nature has intended you expressly for a missionary. Why not commence at once the Spurgeonization of India? And so the Crow opens his beak to sing of government and religion, and the old Fox of Downing-street is off in an instant with the morsel.

Yet, if the Crow had not been flattered into forgetting that keenness of sight which has so often baffled gentlemen who carry guns for his advantage, he might have foreseen the fate which awaited his dinner. It really seems as if the various precedents and powers, at whose mercy India will lie after the suppression of the Company, had determined on a public, striking, and simultaneous manifestation of the view which they take of the claims of the middle classes. As respects the elevation of Colonel PHIPPS to the level of an INGLIS, a HOPE GRANT, and a PEEL, and to a higher dignity than rewarded the exploits of a COTTON and a GREATHED, nothing is left for us except to supply the moral which *brillait par son absence* in the *Times*' article of Monday. We would not indeed be supposed to insinuate that Court services are to furnish no title to promotion. So long as we have a Court, it is desirable that it should be a splendid one; and part of its splendour must consist in the power of conferring distinctions, which would be disproportionate if measured by any standard which should not be conventional. What public opinion resents is, not the decoration, but the juxtaposition; and certainly it does seem doubtful whether even GEORGE III., who was not a man of peculiar refinement, would have created Gold Stick a peer in the same batch with Baron NELSON of the Nile. The fair inference, however, from this great mistake is, not that an act of bad taste has been consciously committed in quarters where bad taste is rare, but rather that India is looked upon under an obscure, unreal, and unpractical aspect by those whose authority and influence must always powerfully affect its future destinies. If the Saragossa-like defence of Lucknow by INGLIS, the dare-devil feats of Captain PEEL, the victorious marches of GREATHED and HOPE GRANT, and the ubiquitous demonstrations of COTTON, had been realized with anything like the distinctness which a nearer field of action would have communicated to them, we are quite sure that the scale employed in the apportionment of their rewards would have been far other than that afforded by the useful assiduities of Colonel PHIPPS. The plain truth is, that nobody whose whole mind and powers are not concentrated on India can be trusted to measure Indian services. A humble middle-class hero may chance hereafter to force himself on the notice of Courts and Ministers; but nothing in the world will ever convince fountains of honour and well-springs of patronage that his deserts lift him beyond the level of a Privy Purse or a Whipper-in.

There is yet another power which has furnished a still stranger and more instructive illustration of the view which it takes of Indian duties. The Horse Guards, it must be remarked, ought not to be looked upon as a mere aspirant to a share in the Government of India. It actually governs India at this very moment. The extinction of the Bengal army has *de facto* transferred to it the greatest part of Indian patronage. It is therefore of the utmost importance to observe the principles by which its selections are guided; and the example which it has been good enough to submit to public criticism is the more felicitous because it is quite beyond the range of any system of competitive tests by which the new India Bill may attempt to regulate patronage. It had been intended, it seems, to establish for the first time in India a very highly remunerated military office—the Inspectorship-General of Cavalry. The matter has since stopped short, but it had at all events proceeded far enough for the appointment to have been not only tendered to, but pressed upon, a particular officer. Now, assuming the necessity of creating a post which the East India Company has hitherto been perfectly well able to dispense with, let us just ask ourselves what qualities its incumbent ought to possess. He ought to be a perfect master of drill and discipline, and it would be desirable therefore that he should be an officer who had been almost constantly on duty with the regiment he commanded. He ought to be notorious for his devotion to hard work, since otherwise he might be placed in a very false position as the censor of others whom he had to stimulate to a stricter dis-

charge of their duties. Inasmuch as India was to be the field of his exertions, he ought to be known for his proved readiness to brave climate and disease; and it should be morally certain that nothing short of absolute necessity would force him to desert distant and unpalatable service for the comforts of home. Is there such an officer to be found? The public voice designates Brigadier HOPE GRANT as the very man. The Horse Guards discovered him in Lord GEORGE PAGET. It was a remarkable choice, and yet we flatter ourselves we can understand it. After the famous charge at Balaklava, Lord CARDIGAN, as everybody knows, was created Inspector-General of Cavalry at home. Shortly afterwards an impression diffused itself that there was something mysterious about the exploit thus conspicuously rewarded; and there followed a correspondence in the newspapers between Lord CARDIGAN and Lord GEORGE PAGET, in which reticence and bad grammar left little particularly clear except that their lordships were at issue on a matter of awkward fact. The Horse Guards has doubtless long been anxious to allay a controversy which was damaging to the cloth; and accordingly it made all square between the disputants by establishing an *Indian* Inspectorship of Cavalry, and giving it to Lord GEORGE. Everything had been provided for in this ingenious arrangement, except the interests of India.

The Crown, the Ministers, and the Horse Guards are the powers which will divide the inheritance of the Company. The Indian officer knows, therefore, exactly what he has to expect. He will be commanded by a General ANSON, and inspected by a Lord GEORGE PAGET. Mr. VERNON SMITH will be the supreme arbiter of his fortunes, unless the fiat of the Indian Minister should happen to be corrected in council by the chastened sagacity of Lord CLANRICARDE. If, in spite of all, he distinguishes himself by the feats of a Paladin, he may have the honour of being thought almost entitled to rank with Colonel PHIPPS.

PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECTS.

WHEN, a twelvemonth ago, we had to cast the horoscope of the impending Session, we ventured to predict a stormy and eventful campaign. The prophecy was verified earlier even than we had anticipated. Since that period, great changes have taken place. Her MAJESTY'S Government meets Parliament with a new House of Commons elected under the most favourable auspices, and pledged, as far as an English Parliament can be pledged, to the support of the Administration. Yet, though barely nine months have elapsed since the dissolution which gave the Government an overwhelming majority, we hear of nothing but wars and rumours of wars. Even the most interested adherents of the Administration cannot conceal their alarm at the prospects of the coming struggle; while independent observers remark that the bonds of personal and party allegiance are singularly relaxed, and that the great questions of politics are more than ever (as the lawyers would say) at large.

In the latter half of the last Session, the position of the Government was easy enough. The policy of shovelling over to a future period all important questions obviated the necessity of testing the nominal Liberalism of the House of Commons. The determination, at all hazards, to gratify the popular clamour for diminished taxation, made the Budget an easy affair. The imminence and uncertainty of the Indian danger was a valid excuse for postponing all inconvenient discussion. In short, during last summer, the Government enjoyed that period of temporary tranquillity which belongs to a gentleman who, having a large quantity of paper in the market, has succeeded in obtaining a renewal of his bills. But the settling day is about to arrive, and the liabilities somehow or other will have to be met. An individual who has the command of credit, popular or otherwise, may fly kites for a period more or less extended, but one day or other the symbols of value must be exchanged for the hard cash which they represent.

Three of the bills which fall due immediately, and must be taken up, are India, Reform, and Finance. The Government have publicly announced a scheme for revolutionizing the Government of India; they are pledged to a measure of Parliamentary Reform; and everybody knows that the Budget must involve a provision for increased taxation. We do not propose to speculate on the details of questions which must soon be dealt with in an authoritative form. It is sufficient to state their nature in order to appreciate the

difficulty of the task assumed by those who are placed under the necessity of carrying them through the ordeal of Parliamentary discussion. It would not be a light labour for the most effective debaters and experienced administrators to conduct such a battle even against a raw and inexperienced Opposition. But when we consider how the forces are likely to be marshalled, the attempt seems simply hopeless. The preponderance of debating ability is not only not to be found on the Treasury Bench, but, with the exception of the PREMIER, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and Mr. LOWE, there is not a member of the Ministry who can now be placed in the first class in a Parliamentary discussion. It may be very true that, when the public mind is excited, or when some great party question is at stake, reasoning and logic have very little to do with the decision. But in the conduct of any large and complicated measure through Parliament, no man who is acquainted with the working of the House of Commons will dispute that a Government which is perpetually out-debated must before long be out-voted. This may be said, on the one hand, to be among the disadvantages which accrue from the dissolution of a strict party organization; but, on the other, it is one of the benefits which we derive from a system of representative Government.

No Administration—probably not even that of Mr. ADDINGTON—ever met an English Parliament with so feeble and incompetent a staff for the conduct even of the ordinary public business. But when we consider the magnitude of the questions which will have to be debated in the presence of a critical, and probably not very indulgent Opposition, we confess the situation of the Administration seems to us little less than pitiful and absurd. When we picture to ourselves Mr. SMITH, in a white neckcloth, attended by Mr. DANBY SEYMOUR with an orange, seriously propounding to the House of Commons that he (SMITH) should be invested with the absolute dominion of India, we suspect it will be difficult for that august body to preserve the gravity which befits the occasion and the place. It may be said that the personal prowess of Mr. SMITH is immaterial while he has a Government majority behind his back. But we suspect that that great reservoir of moral force, Mr. HAYTER, is already beginning to entertain uncomfortable doubts as to the mass which he will have at his disposal to compensate by its momentum the flagging velocity of the President of the Board of Control. Indications are not wanting that the independent Liberals who have hitherto lent their support to the Government, will not answer very readily to a whip which summons them to support a scheme for despoiling of their legitimate inheritance the class from which they are sprung, and whose interests they are elected to defend. On the cross benches, the measure will have to encounter the constitutional criticisms of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the expert analysis of Sir JAMES GRAHAM. The shallow pertness of the Minister will be exposed at every turn by the thorough practical knowledge of the Indian Directors who will assist at the debate. And if this be not enough, the Government, with its flank laid bare, will have to encounter in their front the serried phalanx of the Tory Opposition. It is true that Mr. DISRAELI, with that foolish ingenuity which has always frustrated his own objects and ruined his party, has committed himself to a policy which is alien to the traditions and abhorrent to the sympathies of the gentlemen with whom he does not act. We are not sure that the Member for Bucks might not have made a decent Radical chief—his restless and irrational forays might have suited an aggressive party. As a Conservative leader, his whole career has been a series of blunders. Probably, from a natural inability to understand or appreciate the real feelings of a Tory gentleman, he has occupied himself in contriving combinations against the Government with the extreme Liberals, which have always broken down from the simple reason that he failed to carry with him from his side of the House the contingent which he undertook to contribute. Mr. DISRAELI seems never to have apprehended this remarkable but certain fact, that the Tories prefer their principles to their leader. It was his ignorance of this fundamental proposition which led to his signal discomfiture on the division on the India Bill in 1853. We venture to recommend him to consider whether, upon this occasion, when he finds that his party will not follow his lead, he had not better adopt the discreet course of following his party.

With such a prospect before them, it is not surprising that rumours should already be rife that the Government are shrinking from the conflict, and that the project of transfer-

ring the government of India to Mr. SMITH will be abandoned with the same levity with which it was adopted. There is nothing in the character of the PREMIER's policy which makes such a course improbable. The abolition of the Indian Government having been propounded to gratify a popular clamour, there can be no reason why it should not be withdrawn in the presence of the public disapprobation. The political Mr. Toots always accompanies even the offer of his heart and hand with the explanation that "it does not in the least signify."

But it is not the magnitude of the questions with which they will have to deal that alone endangers the situation of the Government. Even the *âmes damnées* of the Minister cannot conceal from themselves that a great revolution has taken place in public feeling, and that that undefined and overwhelming popularity on which they relied to make good all deficiencies of men and of measures, is melting away with a most alarming rapidity. Lord PALMERSTON, whose faithful adherents claim for him, above all things, the meed of an unequalled and an unerring judgment, has lately exhibited these qualities in a somewhat singular light. On the eve of the introduction of a measure which is to quadruple the Ministerial patronage, he has contrived to arouse the popular indignation against the distribution of appointments vested in the Crown, to an extent hardly equalled since the days of Lord BUTE. As if purposely to insult the patriotic instincts of the nation, he gazetted Colonel PHIPPS to a K.C.B. on the same day with the heroes of Lucknow. Colonial Reformers are edified by the promotion of another PHIPPS to the government of an important dependency. The decent and respectable classes of the community are scandalized by the appointment of the Privy Seal. The manufacturers of Manchester are gratified by the appearance of an Honourable Stamp-distributor. The Church of England has been made to feel that her high places are an appanage of BROOKES'S. And lest even the Reform Club should have been thought to be neglected, the interests of the Radical attorneys are consulted by bestowing the bishopric of CORPOCK on a sometime Guardsman, and an Honourable relative of the PREMIER'S. This is tact and common sense with a vengeance! Its effects, at any rate, are beginning to be felt. The cynicism is, if anything, a little too unblushing with which it is avowed that not only the first, but the exclusive, object of a powerful Minister at the head of a great party is to consult the personal interests of the little *clique* of which Lord PALMERSTON has long been the elegant ornament, and is now the munificent patron. Probably a more extraordinary waste of great opportunities, or a more wanton misapplication of moral power, was never exhibited in political history, than is shown in the ingenious method which the PREMIER has discovered of converting the confidence of a great nation and the authority of an English Minister into a petty machine for the manufacture of little Whig jobs.

THE DEBATE AT THE COURT OF PROPRIETORS.

THE debates of the Court of Proprietors, though not unworthy of the best deliberative assemblies, have suffered considerably from the unequalled State-paper which was issued last week from the India House in the form of a Petition. Sir JAMES MELVILL and Mr. MILL have exhausted the arguments against the abolition of the Double Government; and those who follow them can only use their production as a great brief, which loses much more than it gains by being dissolved in the prolixities of oral discussion. The chief interest of the debate attaches to the speeches of persons who have the hardihood to disagree with the authors of the Petition; and a dissentient Director will of course be listened to with curiosity. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON—who, though a military servant of the Company, has passed the greater part of his life in diplomacy—entered the East India Directorate with a notorious bias against the Double Government, and we confess we waited with some anxiety to see how an accomplished gentleman, holding these views, would be influenced by actual contact with the administrative system of Leadenhall-street. It is perfectly clear, we think, that Sir HENRY RAWLINSON has had his convictions modified on a number of points just sufficient to stultify the general opinion to which he still formally adheres.

Considering that the fast dissolving antipathy of Englishmen to the existing Government of India was founded on what Mr. BRIGHT used to call its "hocus-pocus" composi-

tion, it is extremely startling to find an eminent opponent of the Company proposing a substitute for it which he carefully proclaims to be unintelligible and absurd. Matter-of-fact, practical Englishmen, says Sir HENRY, will never understand the profound policy involved in placing an English Prince on the throne of India. In truth, it seems to us the most extraordinary notion which human brain ever conceived. Is the Prince to be Governor-General and Lieutenant of the Queen? Does Sir HENRY, in sober earnest, propose that Lord DALHOUSIE and Lord CANNING be succeeded by a boy of fourteen? Does he mean to recommend that the Council of India, which is accused of exercising too great an influence over the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, should in future dry-nurse him; and does he seriously propose that the existing system should give way to the most extraordinary of all Double Governments—an infantine Executive controlled by everybody else? If Sir HENRY RAWLINSON meant anything except this, he must have intended the still more preposterous suggestion, that one of the QUEEN'S sons should become a *faineant* Emperor in place of the wretched old man at Delhi. For *faineant* he must be. No English child ever grows to maturity in India. Few Englishmen are permitted by their health to remain there beyond middle age. Sir HENRY'S Emperor will necessarily have his home at Windsor, and be connected with India by little except the august bond of a Civil List. If this be really Sir HENRY RAWLINSON'S idea, there is a sense in which it is eminently practical and matter-of-fact. It is nothing else than a device for providing for one of our Royal Family out of the revenues of our dependency. We venture to ask, whether there was ever a more glaring *reductio ad absurdum* of the schemes for bringing "India under the direct authority of the Crown?" The Chartists, the Horse-Guards, the cotton-lords, and the political clubs, have all their hopes of making a good thing out of the change; but here is a gentleman who has the best means of knowing all about it, and he, construing the proposal literally, interprets it as a dodge to procure a *dotation*.

Sir HENRY RAWLINSON seems to attribute the rebellion to the annexation of Oude, which was effected, as he expressly tells us, not by the Company, but by the Crown authorities. By way, therefore, of setting matters quite straight, he proposes to extinguish the Company, and transfer all its privileges to the Crown. Pocus, it appears, is to be executed for a gross iniquity perpetrated by Hocus, and Hocus is to be universal legatee of POCUS'S property. Here is the radical evil of Lord PALMERSTON'S measure. It commits the monstrous injustice of punishing one branch of a compound Government for the faults of the other; and accordingly, every form of argument employed by Lord PALMERSTON'S friends is afflicted with some deformity either of contradiction or mis-statement. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, who knows exactly what are the relations of Cannon-row and Leadenhall-street, is compelled to leave his conclusions in absurd antagonism to his reasoning. The *Times*, which has taken the least possible trouble to understand the institutions it condemns, corrects the logical absurdity by misrepresenting the facts. Yesterday it made the gratuitous and perfectly groundless assumption that the dictation of the Crown, exercised through the Secret Committee, is submitted to by the Directors in consequence of a corrupt bargain. "Doubtless," said the journalist—"all the world knows"—the QUEEN'S Government and the Directors have each connived at much which each did not like. This undoubted fact, however, which all the world knows, is pure invention. The authority of the Secret Committee, which is simply the organ of the Crown in matters of peace and war, flows entirely from positive law. The Directors cannot resist it, and cannot efficiently control it by those representations and remonstrances which have so often combated insane suggestions of other kinds from the Commissioners for India. The reason why the action of the Crown through the Secret Committee has been so much more grossly impolitic than its activity in any other direction, lies in its complete independence of the Court of Directors. There has been no bargain of any sort. There has been a system of Indian Government, consistent, coherent, based on definite principles, most "pure in intention," most "beneficent in act." This system, which is that of the East India Company, has been every now and then interfered with, and almost universally for evil, by the Home Government of her MAJESTY. The law, and the law only, has allowed the Crown to carry into act its disastrous inter-

positions. We suspect that the one thing which prevents the *Times* and a portion of the public from seeing this, is the non-aggressive attitude of the Company. The Directors, too wise not to concede a great deal to the Parliamentary system of England, refrain from asking that the powers of the Board of Control should be removed. The Crown, on the other hand, is determined to encroach, and thus, though the acknowledged author of all the evil which has been done in India, gains a logical advantage as the advocate of an apparently self-consistent form of government. But in constitution-making, logic counts for very little. That is the best government which works the best; and the *Times* shows a want of the instincts of statesmanship, which is certainly not one of its ordinary defects, in reducing its argument against the Double-Government to a logical demonstration of the omnipotence *de facto* of the Crown. What sort of value, in a rationale of the English Constitution, has the maxim that "the King can do no wrong?" It is easy—and many a German theorist has performed the trick with ease—to reduce the British political system to an unintelligible shuffle between King and people. Just so it is easy to construe the Indian department as a shuffle between Company and Crown. But in cases like this, the same rule holds as in Chess. The player who brings the game into this situation does not check-mate his adversary, but only stale-mates himself.

Sir HENRY RAWLINSON makes all the admissions which are necessary to establish the case of the Company against Lord PALMERSTON. He allows that the influence of the Parliamentary system in India will be disastrous. He acknowledges that there is infinite danger of nominees from England superseding the meritorious labourers in a distant field. For protection against these evils, he trusts to the Minister's producing a scheme which shall as nearly as possible be identical with the existing Government of India. It would be quite impossible to understand Sir HENRY'S condemnation of the Double Government if he did not himself state the grounds on which it rests—and sufficiently astonishing they are. The mutiny, it appears, was a natural result, partly of railways and telegraphs, partly of the annexation of Oude. The East India Company, having been guilty of the railways, though not of the annexation, will never, according to Sir HENRY, be in a position to extend mercy to the revolters. The establishment of the QUEEN'S authority in India will supply the proper opportunity. The Crown is to step in with a declaration that the Company is one public enemy, and the revolters another—that both are in the wrong—that both have been fighting quite long enough—that both are to give up their arms to the new Power. This is, in effect, only a second edition of POPKINS'S Plan for informing the mutineers that they had only too much reason on their side, and that their oppressors were going to be extinguished for their crimes. We must really say that, considering his opportunities and position, and considering the time at which he produces it, Sir HENRY'S scheme is much more inexcusable than Mr. DISRAELI'S. We may safely commit it to the common sense of the country.

TEARS OF THE RECORDING ANGEL.

THE "truly pious" are almost as much puzzled by their Man of God as they were by my Uncle Toby. The whimsical perplexity into which they are cast by the CLANRICARDE appointment reduces them to devices hardly less ingenious than those which were employed to cover the celebrated oath in *Tristram Shandy*. Of course "the Accusing Spirits" of Exeter Hall cannot help "flying up to Heaven's Chancery" with the writ for the appointment of the Privy Seal, and certainly the least they could do under the circumstances was to "blush as they gave it in." And though the Angel of the *Record* is bound to write it down, who shall hinder him from "dropping a tear" and "blotting out for ever" the sin of the Bishop-maker. If there is anything to be regretted, it is only that the scouring drops which chase each other down the sleek cheeks of our unctuous contemporaries do not seem to possess altogether the detergent virtues attributed to them by the fancy of STERNE.

We are all familiar with the slanderous side of religious journalism—the spiteful fibs, the private scandal, the personal imputations in which evangelical charity, full of calumny and buttered toast, vents, against those who do not swallow its shibboleth, the scurrilous tittle-tattle of the sanctimonious tea-table. We know how good and religious men, who are brave enough and honest enough not to surrender

their convictions on high and abstruse questions to the cant of a narrow and ignorant sect, are pursued with a malignant animosity which clothes the spirit of a Spanish inquisitor in the language of a discharged maid-servant. But it is worth while to take a look at the other aspect of this interesting development of modern Sectarianism, and to note the behaviour of the S.S. in their deprecatory and apologetic mood. If Lord CLANRICARDE had been some illustrious man who had devoted the powers of a noble mind, and the unwearied labours of a pure and unspotted life, to the service of God and of his fellows, yet had happened to dissent on some disputed point of theological controversy from the more than Tridentine decrees of Exeter Hall, we know how the *Record* would have dealt with him. We know how his personal character would have been traduced, how his family history would have been raked up, how his steps would have been dogged in order to trace him at dinner with some unorthodox friend, how his associates would have been denounced to wound him through his private affections. We know all this, for we see day by day renewed the nauseous spectacle of the servile artifices to which religious rancour will descend in order to gratify an insatiable malice. But moral offences, real or imputed, are looked upon with a very different eye by your true Sectarian partisan. The mere sinner is an object of interesting compassion, while the scalping-knife of your religious journals is kept for the heretic. Whatever may be the case with the Decalogue, there is no reason to believe that the Privy Seal is unsound on the points of Calvinism. So, with all the candour of an Old Bailey counsel who is going for a verdict of manslaughter on an indictment for murder, our religious friends "find the affidavits full of gross exaggerations." After all, white is not so white, nor black so very black. Nay, it is even ingeniously suggested that perhaps it is not the accused, but the CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND, who is really the guilty party. It always is the defence, when a body is found cut up into small pieces and packed in a carpet-bag, that the deceased committed suicide. If the *Record* will excuse us, it is not we who have sought to extenuate the charge or palliate the offence. We are not the brazen-faced, well-preferred advocates of a favoured sect—we sit only as common jurymen, taken out of the public panel, to judge the cause.

The motive of the *Record's* characteristic apology is worth remarking. In spite of the general tendency which we have noted in religious partisanship to ignore all offences except those against its own theological dogmas, it would probably not have been worth the while of our truly pious friends to take up the cudgels, if not in defence, at least in mitigation of the late appointment, unless there had been some ulterior object in view. For, happily, in all sects, however much the gangrene of cant may have eaten into the sincerity and honesty of a part, there always remains a large and respectable body who are true to their professions and faithful to their belief. It would not do, then, for the spiritual leaders, even for the paramount ends of partisan expediency, to shock altogether the feelings of those obstinate and short-sighted members who do not understand the practical application of the Apostolical precept to be all things to all men in order to win—bishops. It is true, the Privy Seal could not be out and out defended—which, indeed, did not very much signify. But one thing was indispensable, and that was that PALMERSTON, the Bishop-maker, should not suffer in the affair. For if the Bishop-maker came to an end, what was to become of the yet unmade bishops? This is the true key to conduct which might puzzle those who have not studied that peculiar combination of religion and selfishness which has happily christened itself the "Religious World"—a compound which we find on the whole to be a judicious mixture of God and MAMMON, and which, as it certainly makes piety very worldly, we have no doubt makes the world in return very pious.

The guiding principle which governs the religious managers of the Exeter Hall sect has been so well set forth in their leading organ, that we have only to state their confession of faith in their own words. No caricature could come up to the unctuous sordidness of the original. It is of the first importance, we are told, to sustain "the benign influence of those Protestant sympathies which have actuated Lord PALMERSTON in filling up the vacant preferment in the Church." Their *credo* has been admirably rendered by an American poet:—

In short, I do believe
In humbug generally;
For it's a thing I do perceive
To have a solid vally.

It hath my faithful shepherd been,
To pastures new hath led me;
It helps to keep the people green,
To feed as they have fed me.

We have often observed that there is no vice of the Romish Church against which Exeter Hall thunders, that it does not itself mimic and even exaggerate. The same policy for which the Jesuits were proverbial reigns in the Puritanical councils. Cardinal WISEMAN is not more eager to lay the keys of St. PETER at the feet of an Atheistic despotism than is the Evangelical Conference to barter its faith for the "benign influence" which has the filling of "the vacant preferment." Puritanism, which once hid under the petticoats of ANNE BOLEYN, now clings to the skirts of a Minister who, with equal indifference, appoints a BICKERSTETH or a CLANRICARDE.

Nor are the artifices resorted to less characteristic than the end for which they are employed. BELLARMINE himself is outdone in the theory and practice of pious fraud. In order to save JONAH, all the rest of the crew are thrown overboard. It is the First Lord of the Treasury alone who issues the *congé d'élire*—so all the rest may go to the wall. The first pious dodge, therefore, is to represent that the Head of the Government had nothing to do with the appointment of the new Cabinet Minister. This, though slightly improbable on the face of it, considering that there never was a Cabinet of which the Chief was so absolutely the unit at the head of a line of ciphers, is established, after the method of religious journalism, in a satisfactory and convincing manner. It has been all the doing of "the Machiavellian policy of Lord GRANVILLE." This is rendered certain by the fact, first of all, that the President of the Council is married to a Roman Catholic, and secondly, that he is the "bosom friend of Lord CANNING." We have sometimes thought that the *Record* must have an extensive connexion with the pious and aristocratic footmen in London, from whom it draws its treasures of confidential and domestic information. However, lest Lord GRANVILLE should not prove a sufficiently sturdy scapegoat, and should sink under the sin of Lord PALMERSTON before he gets well off out of the sight of the people, our pious friends are ready to despatch half a dozen others to the political Dead Sea. "Lord LANSDOWNE," we are told, "is past his work—the LORD CHANCELLOR is not an orator—Lord CLARENDON is not fitted for every-day discussion—the Duke of ARGYLL is feeble, though self-confident." It is PALMERSTON, and PALMERSTON alone, who is "actuated by the benign influence of Protestant sympathies," for it is he alone who has the "filling of the vacant preferment in the Church."

The next little artifice is equally amusing. Religious journalism must admit that the late business is a little awkward—that, in fact, it is rather wrong. Perhaps Lord PALMERSTON may be a little to blame. But then, with true Church Militant skill and audacity, it carries the war into the enemy's camp. Don't let us talk about Lord CLANRICARDE, say these judicious tacticians—only look at the deplorable and monstrous wickedness of Lord DERBY. And so we have article after article on the racing propensities of the Leader of the Opposition and on the crime of a resolution of the Jockey Club on p.p. betting. Are the studies of the *Record* in the Racing Calendar so recent that it has never heard of the classical controversy on the pronunciation of *Ilione*, or is it not aware that the Man of God in his time has trained even more race-horses than bishops? But at last, fearing lest all these attempts at a diversion should fail, our religious friend makes up his mind to take the bull by the horns. The CLANRICARDE appointment, though it looks like a judgment, is in reality a special providence. "The whole of our career in India has been marked by striking providences. One of our first great successes, a hundred years ago, was clearly traced to a thunderstorm. So, we trust, it will prove that the CANNING party have over-reached themselves in the matter of Lord CLANRICARDE, and that a combination which threatens the progress of the Gospel in India will be defeated by its own efforts to increase its strength." Thus, playing the part of an earthly providence, the "benign influence" has sent us CLANRICARDE, like the thunderstorm, for our good.

All this is very mean and very base, but it sinks into insignificance compared with that which follows. These are the men who trace their spiritual succession from that Apostle who carried the bag. Not content with having degraded the reputation of the great Evangelical party by their unblushing and sordid sycophancy, the tribe of expect-

ant deans and unfledged bishops dare to revile the revered and historical names of those pious worthies who alone cover with the mantle of their charity the vulgar baseness of degenerate followers who are the shame of our age. The *Record* dares to thank Heaven that it is not as the "Clapham Sect," or even as the publican WILBERFORCE. Lest our readers should be incredulous, we quote the very words in which it laments over "the political expediency which governed the public politics of the Clapham sect, which impaired the usefulness of WILBERFORCE, and exhibited in the second generation the defections of the GRANTS, the MACAULAYS, and the STEPHENS." And this from the men who, like Jesuit missionaries before a Chinese idol, crawl in servile adulation at the feet of the "benign influence" which "fills up the vacant preferments!"

When we remember the disinterested and self-denying life of WILBERFORCE—how he sacrificed, not only the highest hopes of earthly ambition, but (what to his affectionate heart was a severe trial) even his personal friendships to his stern and earnest convictions—and then think that his memory, which, like "the actions of the just," should "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," is to be flyblown by parasitical vermin—we have not stomach to go further. No! it is not the CLANRICARDE appointment which is the scandal of the day. It is the spectacle of men, professedly religious, who are ready to defend anything, to swallow everything, to deny all, in order to serve their personal interests. It is not the vice which flaunts abroad in the streets that pollutes a nation—it is the mean, greedy, self-seeking, skulking baseness which masks itself under the garb of religion. It is the scorn of the scoffer, and the grief of the good, to hear the name of our Holy Faith defiled in the sordid mouths of these mercenary hypocrites and sanctimonious sycophants.

FILIBUSTERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

OF all the countries in the world there is none to which we are so closely bound as to the United States. And yet there is scarcely any with which it is so difficult at times to sympathize. With the same blood in our veins, the same interest in peace and commerce, the same sturdy independence on both sides of the ocean, and with just distance enough between us to save us from the petty occasions of quarrel which are apt to embroil neighbouring States, England and America might be expected to exhibit a community of feeling on almost every topic of general interest. It would be affectation to pretend that this is the case. Try as we may to foster a cordial feeling towards the United States, some trifle or other is always turning up that jars with the sympathy which we strive to cultivate. At the present moment, both countries are beginning to revive, after suffering almost to an equal extent from a common commercial calamity; but what are the comments of Americans on the crisis that has just passed over? After their utilitarian fashion, they are reckoning up the salvage from the wreck, and the prevalent tone is one of half congratulation that they have contrived to throw the worst of the burden on the shoulders of England. In the most business-like way in the world, they are striking a balance between their national losses and gains, and are reckoning on the profit side the heavy debts which they owed to us, and which they have wiped out by an almost universal bankruptcy. The New York press grows quite cheerful over this aspect of affairs, and is happy in the thought that, however individuals may have suffered, their country has on the whole been a gainer at the expense of her British creditors. This kind of exultation is not soothing to English ears. No one likes to hear his debtor, who has just compounded for 1s. 6d. in the pound, boasting that he has turned a penny by the transaction; and if it be true, as we fear it is, that America has got rid of a large amount of indebtedness to England by the universal panic which she originated, it would be in better taste to say little about an affair which is more creditable to the smartness than the honour of the American communities. The tone of the Transatlantic press on this subject reminds one uncomfortably of the days of open repudiation. SYDNEY SMITH put down that form of dishonesty, but one may still detect the same satisfaction at over-reaching the Britishers without any very great improvement in the morality of the means employed.

It is not only in commerce that this disposition betrays itself. It breaks out in affairs of State. Both in foreign policy and in domestic compromises, sharp practice is the ruling

principle. There is roguery enough among us at present, but it has not yet grown so rampant as to infect the general tone of feeling on public matters. The healthy and influential public opinion of this country is based on a sturdy love of honest dealing. Even in a despot like LOUIS NAPOLEON, Englishmen are but too ready to remember only that he has, in his relations with this country, seen the wisdom of practising loyalty and good faith. The main cause of all the petty estrangements of feeling which so frequently arise out of our relations with America is the want of the same plain dealing in the counsels of Washington. Just now there is no especial difficulty, but even in the midst of the most friendly expressions, we have had Mr. BUCHANAN, in his inaugural Message, coolly proposing to set at naught the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, for no reason whatever except that he conceives its terms to be unfavourable to his country. The treaty is, after all, not worth much to us, but the looseness of the Presidential morality is a source from which annoying disputes may at any moment arise.

The WALKER affair, again, is not a matter of immediate concern to us; but it is impossible to see with indifference the underhand policy by which the American Government endeavours to evade the acknowledged duty of preventing piratical expeditions against neighbouring States. Mr. BUCHANAN is too much of a statesman to attempt openly to excuse the filibustering tastes of his countrymen. He talks as bravely as any man can do of his determination to put down these marauding forays, which are a disgrace to a civilized country. But he either dares not pursue a straightforward course, or else he loves a crooked one better. Anything more disingenuous than his whole policy towards Nicaragua can scarcely be conceived. The affectation of repudiating Captain PAULDING, under the pretence that he had committed an offence against the independence of Nicaragua, would have been a miserable subterfuge at the best; but after the facts revealed by the papers produced to Congress, it is difficult to find a term which will correctly designate the PRESIDENT's policy. It now appears that on the day after Captain PAULDING notified to his Government the capture of WALKER and his band, the Minister of Nicaragua wrote a despatch to the authorities of Washington, in which he formally thanked the American Government for having taken away the invaders from the Nicaraguan territory which they had occupied. With this letter in his pocket, the PRESIDENT concocted his message to the Senate, in which he condemned Commodore PAULDING for the great error he had committed in violating the territory of Nicaragua for the sake of stopping the progress of WALKER. We have a great deal more respect for the open filibusterism of the New Orleans indignation meetings than we have for the flimsy artifice by which Mr. BUCHANAN has sought to conciliate both honest men and rogues, and has succeeded only in falling out with both. The letter of the Nicaraguan Minister is still more material in another point of view. It not only contains an immediate ratification and approval of Captain PAULDING's action, but an earnest request that the Government of Washington will prove its sincerity by instituting proceedings against WALKER and his confederates. The appeal has been met by setting the freebooters at liberty, because they were captured on Nicaraguan territory, though with the consent and approval of the native Government. It would have been better to have said frankly that the popularity of the filibusters was so great as to render a prosecution very undesirable. That would at least have been honest, which is more than can be said of the transparent pretext that has been found for neglecting a duty which the American Government owes to Nicaragua, and which the Minister of that country has called upon the PRESIDENT to fulfil.

If the transaction is translated into a domestic parallel, the pretences seriously put forward by Mr. BUCHANAN become absolutely ludicrous. What should we say to a magistrate who refused to hear a charge against a burglar, because the stranger by whom he was arrested committed a trespass in entering his neighbour's house to save it from plunder? If the magistrate indulged this curious scruple after having received a letter from the owner of the house expressing his gratitude for the trespass, and his desire that the thief might be prosecuted with vigour, the only possible inference would be that the upholder of the law was in league with the robber. To complete the parallel, we must picture the thief standing up boldly for his rights, and insisting on the aid of the magistrate in a renewal of the attempt which had been so unlawfully interrupted.

Whether WALKER is tried by a jury—who, we suppose, would acquit him—or allowed to become the lion of American society, is of no great moment to us; but we cannot help feeling deep regret that by this, and a hundred similar acts, American statesmen should damage their character for honest dealing, and lower themselves and their country in the estimation of the world. When uprightness and honour are more conspicuous among Republican virtues, it will be less difficult than it is now to sympathize with the progress of the Western variety of the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE LEGAL POSITION OF ALIENS.*

THE demands just made by the French Government upon the subject of the expulsion of the refugees have naturally given rise to much discussion upon the legal position which foreigners occupy in this country. It has been contended, both at home and abroad, that though the Alien Act passed in 1848 has long since expired, the Crown has a right, by virtue of the prerogative, and independently of any statutory provisions, to expel aliens from the country. This proposition is not destitute of some apparent foundation; but when it comes to be carefully considered, it will, we think, be found to be absolutely baseless. It is stated by Blackstone (i. 259) that "aliens are under the King's protection, though liable to be sent home when the King sees occasion;" and in Chitty's *Commercial Law* (i. 143) this assertion is repeated, and enforced by arguments to which we shall refer in detail. In later editions of Blackstone, and in the early editions of Serjeant Stephen's *Commentaries*, this position remained unaltered; but in the fourth edition (just published) of the last-mentioned book, the very learned and careful editor has judiciously qualified it, erasing it from the text, and inserting a note to the effect that, "according to Blackstone," the law is as stated. (*Ste. Com.*, ii. 416—506.)

The statement in Blackstone cites no authority whatever, but Chitty brings forward three arguments in support of it. The first is, that in early times, "many petitions occur in the Rolls of Parliament, requesting the King to exercise the power of expulsion. The second is, that in Holinshed's *Chronicle* it is stated that Henry II., on his accession, expelled all foreigners from the realm "by proclamation." And the third consists in the assertion of the wonderful doctrine, that the power of making war on the whole nation to which aliens belong includes power over their personal liberty. This absurdity may safely be left to refute itself. The most ardent friend of the French Government will hardly wish us to go to war with it, and with every other nation in Europe, in order that we may acquire a right to expel their refugee countrymen. Though the other arguments may at first sight appear to carry more weight, they are, in fact, equally worthless; and we may go so far as to say that they set in a striking light the ignorance and want of fact which are so often shown by mere lawyers when they leave the immediate subject with which they are familiar. It will appear upon turning to the *Parliament Rolls*, that they contain fourteen such petitions as Mr. Chitty refers to, between the year 1290 and the year 1415. It is unnecessary to specify the whole of them, but they may be seen in Vol. i. p. 55; Vol. ii. pp. 162, 163, 332, 367, and 373; Vol. iii. pp. 22, 246, 527, 529, 569, and 578; and Vol. iv. pp. 6 and 79. Some of them pray the King to expel foreign clergymen or provisors, who had been put into livings by the Pope; others call upon him to expel alien enemies during the wars between France and England in the fourteenth century; one or two are levelled at particular persons—such, for example, as Raymond Pelegrun (ii. 163), or at classes, such as the Lombard brokers (ii. 332); one (iii. 246) demands that all "Beaumonts"—Bohemians or Gipsies—should be expelled; and another (iv. 79), that all Bretons should be banished under pain of death. It would be humiliating to be obliged to admit that such precedents as these, the latest of which is 446 years old, could have any bearing on our conduct at the present day; but we are spared this humiliation by the reflection that—though Mr. Chitty does not seem to have been aware of it—every one of these "petitions," as he calls them, was either an Act of Parliament, or, what in those days was much the same, an ordinance. The form in which the *Parliament Rolls* are made up, as every one who has looked into them knows, is as follows. A number of petitions, some from private persons, others from the "communitas regni"—in other words, the Parliament—are entered in their order, and at the foot of each of them is annexed the answer of the King. If the petition was granted, it became either a law or an ordinance—the distinction between which, says Mr. Hallam, "is very obscure; but it sufficiently appears that whatever provisions altered the common law or any former statute, and were entered in the statute rolls, transmitted to the sheriffs, and promulgated to the people as general obligatory enactments, were held to require the positive assent of both Houses of Parliament." (*Mid. Ag.* iii. 51, 11th Ed.) What is proved, therefore,

by the petitions in question, is the very reverse of the doctrine laid down by Blackstone and Chitty. They show conclusively that, from the time of Edward I. downwards, aliens could only be expelled from the realm by the united authority of King, Lords, and Commons.

This being the case, what is the value of Mr. Chitty's remaining precedent? He actually asserts, on the authority of Holinshed—an inaccurate author who lived about 400 years after the time in question—that aliens may be expelled in the 19th century, because, in 1155, Henry II. expelled "by proclamation" (great stress is laid on this) certain mercenaries whom Stephen had introduced into the kingdom. If he had taken the trouble to refer to Holinshed's authorities he would have found—first, that the foreigners were not expelled; and secondly, that whatever was done with them was by the authority of a "magnum concilium" (which, as is sufficiently shown by Mr. Allen, in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1821, vol. 35, p. 19, and see the *Lords' Report on the Privileges of a Peer*, p. 20, was the accredited phrase for a Parliament), held at Wallingford. William of Newbury, the contemporary chronicler, says (i. 89) "Edicto precepit ut illi propriis regionibus redderentur, fatalem eis diem constituens quem in Anglia sustinere certi foret discriminis." That is, he ordered them to leave by a certain fixed day, to remain over which in England would be perilous for them. The persons alluded to were William of Ypres and other foreign auxiliaries of Stephen's; and the meaning of the passage obviously is, that if they stayed over the day fixed, they would be prosecuted for the various crimes of which they had been guilty during the civil war. It appears probable, from the *Chronicle* of Gervasius (p. 1377), that this business was transacted at the Parliament of Wallingford. His expression is, "conventus generalis presidium et presulum totius Angliæ," which is held by the best authorities to be as nearly an equivalent to our modern term "parliament" as is to be found in the authors of that day. And both Lord Lyttelton, in his *Life of Henry II.* (ii. 286), and Daniel (Kenne's *History*, i. 132), put that construction upon it. The former says, "He met his first Council . . . the result of their deliberations was the sending away of the foreign troops;" and the latter, "He called a Parliament at Wallingford, where he passed an Act to expel all strangers out of the land." What are we to think of the historical tact of a man who deliberately maintains that because a monk in the twelfth century, in a rhetorical passage, speaks of the King's "edictum," he must be taken to have acted by a proclamation, as distinguished from an Act of Parliament—especially when we remember that the statute-book does not begin till about seventy years after the case in question?

One other argument has been added to these by the distorted ingenuity of those who have attempted to establish the right in question. It has been said, that whereas by Magna Charta, and by an Act of Edw. III. (stat. 4, cap. 2), it is provided that alien merchants may enter, dwell in, and leave the realm freely, it is implied that other aliens could not do so. Like the other historical arguments on the subject, this shows a strange ignorance of early English history. In the first place, the proposition is completely worthless, unless it is intended to go the full length of asserting that merchants alone were allowed to enter the country, and that other foreigners were not. It would be a most extraordinary perversion of language to hold that the statutes in question conferred upon merchants an absolute right to do what other aliens had a qualified right to do. If the authors of the statutes had intended to prevent the King from expelling merchants, whilst it allowed him to expel other aliens, they would have said so. The fact, however, is, that in early times merchants were in a worse and not in a better position than other foreigners. Commercial jealousy prompted their total exclusion, and the King, as appears by frequent entries in the Close and Patent rolls, was in the habit of granting them licenses to enter and trade. It was at these abuses that the Acts in question were levelled. It shows the most grotesque ignorance to suppose that the rule in early times was to exclude aliens from the country, and that it was the exception to admit them. The land swarmed with aliens. To say nothing of whole colonies of Flemish artificers who were occasionally brought into the country, it was full of foreign clergymen and soldiers, who came over to share the patronage, civil and ecclesiastical, which was so lavishly distributed. Two of the "petitions" on which Chitty rests his case, are expressly directed against foreign merchants. "De eo," said the Protectionists of that day, "quod alienigenæ mercator dominantur et ditantur de mercandis in civitatibus, et cives depauperantur qui onera sustinent"—an additional proof, by the way, of the character of these instruments, for the petition is an express request that Magna Charta may be altered, which obviously could only be done by the authority of Parliament.

There is, however, another view of the matter which is absolutely conclusive against the alleged right. By a variety of statutes, from Magna Charta downwards, all interference with individual liberty is clearly unlawful. The words of Magna Charta are, "nullus liber homo," which would include aliens as well as subjects. Those of the Bill of Rights and the Habeas Corpus Act are, "any person;" and this is the more remarkable, because in other parts of those Acts we find the expression, "any subject of this realm." (6 Ch. I. c. 10, s. 8, cf. s. 5, and 31 Ch. II. c. 2, s. 2.) If, therefore, under a warrant from the Privy Council,

* The subject of this article has been ably handled in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday, signed "Lex et Consuetudo." The general line of argument taken in our observations, which were in type before the appearance of that letter, has been, to a great extent, anticipated by its writer. The subject, however, is of such importance, that, having entered into its legal bearings more fully, and with a more detailed reference to facts and authorities, we think it desirable to place our article before the public.

or from a Secretary of State, an attempt were made to remove a foreigner from the realm, he would clearly be entitled to a writ of habeas corpus to free him from any restraint imposed upon him for that purpose; and this is so clear that even Lord Sidmouth and Lord Eldon publicly admitted in the House of Lords (34 Hansard, 1058—1065, June 11, 1816) that the Crown had no power whatever to deport an alien. They contended that it had a right to order him to leave the country by proclamation, and that, if he refused to do so, he might be indicted, and, upon conviction, fined and imprisoned. This admission narrows the question to a single point—Can the King lawfully order a foreigner to leave the realm? The doctrine that he can, rests entirely upon Blackstone's assertion "that an alien may be *sent home*," but this assertion is conceded by Lord Eldon and Lord Sidmouth to contain a fatal inaccuracy, because their case was, not that he could be sent home, but that he could be punished for refusing to go. The exigencies of their own case compelled them to discredit their own witness. In order to obtain an Alien Bill, they were forced to admit that, without it, an alien could not be deported, whilst they contended that he might be ordered to leave England. The only authority which they were able to cite in favour of the second proposition, if it proved anything at all, proved that they already had the power for which they asked.

It is satisfactory to contrast the miserably petty arguments adduced in favour of the existence of this right—showing, as they all do, either a total ignorance of history or a total inability to appreciate the character of historical evidence, and resting, if they were as true as they are false, upon a precedent extracted from a monkish chronicler's loose description of a transaction which occurred sixty years before Magna Charta—with the broad, clear, and unimpeachable reasoning brought forward on the other side by men who were capable of handling a great question of constitutional law with a width of conception and an acquaintance with history not unworthy of the subject. The speeches of Lord Holland, Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, and Sir James Mackintosh, on the Alien Bill of 1816, when compared with the course of subsequent legislation, and with the great principles solemnly affirmed on a late memorable occasion by the highest judicial body in the kingdom, must set the question at rest for ever in the minds of all reasonable men.

Just two years ago (Feb. 7, 1856), Lord Lyndhurst, on his motion upon the subject of Lord Wensleydale's life peerage, made the following statement in the House of Lords:—"Every person who has studied the constitution of this country, and is conversant with the principles upon which it is founded, must be aware that one of its principles is long-continued usage—'Lex et consuetudo Parliamenti'—that is one of the main principles on which our constitution rests. *Going back a period of four hundred years, in order to select three or four, or half-a-dozen instances in which the Crown has performed a particular act by virtue of its prerogative before the constitution was formed, is, I contend, a gross violation of the principles of the constitution.*" After due debate and the examination of evidence, it was established to the satisfaction of the House that no peerages for life had been granted for upwards of four hundred years, and that few such grants had been made before that time; and they therefore resolved that Lord Wensleydale's patent did not entitle him to sit and vote as a peer. This proceeding can only be regarded as a solemn affirmation by the highest judicial authority in the kingdom of the principle for which Lord Lyndhurst contended. This being so, how does it apply to the case before us? In the elaborate discussion which the subject underwent in 1816, it was admitted on all hands that the existence of the prerogative in question rested on the authorities which we have considered. It was conceded that the King never had ordered a foreigner to leave the kingdom by proclamation, and that no one had ever been prosecuted for refusing to do so. Attention was specially directed to the fact that the occasion for the exercise of such a power, if it had existed, had constantly arisen, and that, in point of fact, it never was exercised—not by the Plantagenets, in order to rid themselves of provisors—not by Elizabeth, to protect her crown against foreign Jesuits—not by Charles II., when his cast-off French mistress defied his threat to expel her (a case so hard as to cause the French Ambassador of the time to declare that England must be "a miserable country indeed")—not by James II., when the refugees expelled by Louis XIV. crowded one side of the Channel, and scandalized and terrified the other—and lastly, not by William III., when his life was menaced by Continental assassins, and when, as some foreign critics have the audacity to assert, he anticipated the devices of modern despotism. This would be conclusive in itself; but every Alien Bill which empowered the Secretary of State to export suspected persons, was an admission of the same thing, for it uniformly gave the Sovereign express authority to deport suspected persons; and if even that is not enough, the laws which have been passed since 1816 must settle the question for ever. By several late Acts (6 & 7 W. IV. c. 11; 7 & 8 Vic. c. 66, &c.), a variety of privileges are conferred upon aliens, and amongst others the power of taking leases of lands for twenty-one years, *for the purpose of residence or of occupation, "with the same rights, residences, exemptions, and privileges, except the right to vote at elections, as if he were a natural born subject"* (7 & 8 Vic. c. 66, s. 5). If every Englishman's house is his castle, how is this express statutory right of residence consistent with a right of the Crown to remove an alien from the pro-

perty which it enables him to acquire? It is a common-law principle that no man is to be removed from his property. Under the old law this was the foundation of settlement by estate; and in the statement of the effect of this Act in the last edition of Stephen's *Commentaries* (ii. 416), it is expressly said that aliens may "freely enter the realm and reside there."

If the foregoing reasons establish the proposition that the Crown has no right at common law either to deport an alien or to order him to leave the country, the only question which can arise in relation to the late events is, whether persons who may have been accessories before the fact to the late attempt may, if aliens, be delivered up under the Convention of 1843. The question is one which does not admit of a moment's doubt. The Act which gives effect to the Convention (6 & 7 Vic. c. 75) provides that it shall be lawful, on requisition, to deliver up to justice persons who shall be accused of having committed murder and certain other crimes "*within the territories and jurisdiction of his Majesty the King of the French.*" It is quite clear, that to plot murder in England is not a crime committed within the French territory and jurisdiction. The case contemplated by the treaty would have arisen if the persons concerned in the attack had fled from France and taken refuge in this country. The crime (if legal crime it be) of those who plotted the assassination in this country, is a crime committed on English ground; and that it is so committed, is the very gist of the attacks made upon this country. We designedly introduce the qualification, for there would be a variety of technical difficulties—which it would not be very easy or very instructive to discuss here—in holding that a conspiracy entered into by foreigners here, to murder a foreigner in a foreign country, is an offence against English law. Whether those difficulties could be overcome without legislation, or whether it would be expedient to increase the powers of the law by Act of Parliament, are questions which we need not discuss at present; but we think we are entitled to say that we have established the proposition, that an alien cannot at common law either be deported or ordered to quit the country; and that the extradition treaty has no bearing whatever upon the condition of persons who may have plotted murders here to be executed in France.

THE CLAIMS OF GOVERNESSES.

THE sorrows of governesses furnish a constant theme for those champions of the oppressed who write letters to the daily newspapers. Sometimes, doubtless, these complaints are well founded. Mistresses have power over their governesses, and, like other persons who have power, they are sure, every now and then, to abuse it. But there is a whole literature of despair written for the benefit of governesses, which goes rather far in the way of fiction. Perhaps, when the theme was less hackneyed, the narratives of their miseries and indignities may have done good. The scale may have turned too heavily against the dependents; but latterly the governesses have had it all their own way, and now it has become a recognised fact, in all romances which touch on the subject, that governesses are very pretty, very learned, very interesting, and very ill-used—that mistresses are ogres—and that society is constituted on an entirely wrong basis, and will remain so until the governesses have one half of the income of the paterfamilias allotted to them, dine at eight, and sleep in the best bed-room. A governess has recently written a story called *Anne Sherwood*, which is the most exaggerated type of these revolutionary works. It is stated in the preface that the aim of the authoress is to expose the real history of the "White Slaves of England." There are two sisters who are forced to seek for situations. They are rejected, time after time, chiefly because the ladies to whom they apply assure them that they are not ugly enough, and are therefore certain to attract the attention of the master of the house. At last they succeed. They enter the gorgeous mansions of the great. A description is given of the entrance hall, of the stairs, of the landing, of the second flight, and so on—all rich with velvet carpets, and bearing traces of the most exquisite taste and boundless wealth—until the grandeur of the description dwindles away, and we reach the attics, where, in a fireless cell, without carpet or curtain, with no furniture but a mattress and a broken chair, the governess, so lately the darling of an aged father, is destined to sleep. The sisters commence their duties, and the children pinch them blue. The ladies get through lunch in the cheerful pastime of talking at them. The ugliest man in the house makes them the most "ojous proposals." If they change, they get no good. They find every lady ready to insult them, and screw them down to the last halfpenny, and every gentleman ready to blast their reputation. We cannot trace the wonderful vicissitudes of their career, but the moral of the whole thing is that governesses are starved angels, beleaguered by a host of demons. Now, without at all denying that much good has been done by calling attention to the real claims of governesses, we think that all this is great nonsense, and calculated to make the poor creatures who alone will believe in it morbidly unhappy. There is much to be said for them, but there is also something to be said on the other side.

In the first place, fiction is a game at which two people can play. The governesses have had their innings, and made a good score. There was Jane Eyre, who was, however, a type of the ultimate good fortune to which sedulous flirting can carry a

governess, rather than of the humiliations to which the class are exposed. There was the governess drawn in the *Scattergood Family* by Mr. Albert Smith, who had the satisfaction of seeing that one noble spirit selected her, although dressed in the simplest (but most becoming) white muslin, and bore her off triumphantly, to the confusion of the tyrannical lady, who had not understood that it was she who ought to sleep in the back attic, and her governess who ought to do the honours of the family. And there was Ruth Pinch, who was rescued from the insults of an opulent copper-founder and his vulgar circle. These are pictures of very possible realities, but they certainly are not the only pictures that could be drawn. It is not exactly true that all governesses are pretty, or clever, or blighted. The run of them are of a different sort—rather plain than otherwise, not very well educated, and principally bent on pushing their way and making a little nest-egg. A fiction equally faithful to real life could be written, in which the mistress should be the victim. There might be a lovely young widow, intent only on her children's welfare, pure, pious, and benevolent. Living in a remote country house, she might find it difficult to change her governess, and therefore be determined to submit to much that was hard to bear. The first volume might depict a domineering governess—a dreadful woman, five feet ten in height, and deeply pitted with the small-pox, who should frighten the children, scold the mother, bully the servants, and make her awful advances to a neighbouring curate. The second volume might carry us to a lazy governess, coming down to breakfast at eleven with dirty stockings, and reading tales of bloody murders in bed. In the third volume we might have a female Jesuit cunningly employing the multiplication table as an engine of perversion. Virtue would triumph at last, and the persecuted mother would marry a man competent to undertake the entire education of his step-daughters. So no more governesses would be wanted, and everybody would be happy. If the descriptions were sufficiently harrowing, an enthusiastic novel-reader would be as ready at the end to wring the necks of all the governesses he came across as he ever was to trample on the wicked mistresses portrayed in the novels of the opposite party.

When we pass from fiction to fact, we find that neither governesses nor mistresses are perfect, and that there is nothing in the conduct of either of them which calls for much praise or blame. There are probably copper-founders who play off the grand airs of their petty insolence on the teachers of their children, but the whole world is not made of copper-founders. The vast majority of ladies treat their governesses with kindness and consideration—not, perhaps, without traces of that cruelty which most women exhibit some time or other to the rest of their sex, but with a large balance of good feeling. The governesses, on the other hand, are often provoking in the extreme. They fight every point, and take offence at the merest accidents; and even when they are sensible and cheerful people, it must be remembered that they are almost always a bore, and quite unavoidably so. They are constantly present in a family without belonging to it; they are visitors who do not go away; they are a third guest at a feast of happiness which is enough for two, but not enough for three. In the governess romances, it is represented as a pure gain and heaven-sent blessing to have a grumbling, disappointed, touchy creature always at hand to add herself and her attractions to the matrimonial fireside. In real life, it is one of those things which we go through for the sake of our children, just as we go through the extortions of wet-nurses and the burden of doctors' bills. Of course it is not pleasant for a young woman to come into a circle where she knows she is not wanted, and where she can easily construe every kindness from the gentleman into an overture of flirtation, and every indifferent look or word from the lady as the beginning of a long series of insults designed to torment her into keeping in her own room. But the relation is one which requires forbearance and consideration on both sides. The governess inflicts as much as she endures, and if she will insist on making her life a protracted warfare, she does not come unarméd to the conflict.

A very common grievance with the romantic patrons of governesses is the hardship of a lady by birth and education having to take a dependent situation. But, in most cases, the advantage is on the side of the reduced lady, not on that of her employers. The best governesses are not ladies who have had unexpectedly to earn their own bread, but professional governesses, born and bred to the trade, regularly educated for the duties of this particular office, and anxious to succeed in it, as in a profession which it is their lot in life to follow. The reduced lady is very apt to treat her mistress to the experiences of past wealth, to let her understand that every accommodation offered is accepted under protest, and, in her best moments, to display the haughty amiability with which disguised princesses on the stage discourse to groups of shepherds. If the employer pays as much to the reduced lady as to a trained governess, she generally gets a dear bargain. But the reduced lady gets what she could not get in any other way—food and lodging, respectability and money. There are certain disagreeable things which it is the business of a governess to undergo, as it is the business of a lawyer to sit in a hot court, or of a doctor to be rung up in the middle of the night; and a governess ought to bear the burdens of her station equally well and patiently, whatever may have been her origin. If a gentleman were reduced to being a butler, he would have to be a real butler, and not only drink the ends of the bottles,

but also draw the corks. So, too, the lady who is reduced to being a governess must consent cheerfully to dine at the early dinner of leg of mutton, and take the children out on a frosty day, and not murmur that in her poor father's time she used to sit down to venison at eight, and drive out in a close carriage.

Nor can any reasonable woman expect to be *ex officio* "the friend of the family." Why should she be? Families must set a very low value on friendship, if they extend it at a moment's notice to a stranger. The whole relation between a governess and her employers is purely one of contract. It is worth her while to go through trouble in order to get money—it is worth their while to go through many little annoyances in order to have their children educated. The terms on which a governess enters a family are determined by the inexorable laws of demand and supply. A good governess—a woman of high character, of genuine learning, accomplished, prudent, and cheerful—is always worth her money, and is never at a loss for a situation. But when governesses have no other qualification than that their poverty makes them willing to go through the drudgery of teaching, they very naturally find that they are rather a drag upon the market. There is a difficulty in starting, as there is in most callings; but in the long run, the bulk of candidates get what they are worth. The relation of contract does not, however, exclude the exercise of numberless virtues. A lady is very wrong, as well as foolish, who does not treat the teacher of her children with respect—who does not cheer a stranger on first entering the family circle, and protect one of her own sex from anything like wanton insult. A governess is equally wrong and equally foolish who is above the calling she has chosen, who acts as a constant wet blanket on a family party, and, generally speaking, considers herself "a white slave."

BLESS YE, MY CHILDREN!

OUR readers may remember that some years ago, when our contemporary, *Punch*, was in the heyday of youth and animal spirits, scarcely a week passed without his discharging a bitter joke or a cutting caricature against a certain Mr. Jenkins, who was understood, in well-informed circles, to be the embodiment of a most respectable daily paper, *The Morning Post*. The real cause of the hostility thus evinced was known to few but the learned gentlemen themselves; and very likely it may have been a mere trifle, for professionally funny men are notoriously irritable in private life; but ostensibly it was the alleged flunkeyism of the journalist which raised the ire of the hebdomadal wag. The fertile fancy of the wit never wearied in ringing changes upon the assumed fact of Jenkins's servitude. Jenkins was depicted in livery; Jenkins was portrayed in plush, with a cockade in his hat; he had to swallow savage sarcasms about shoulder-knots; hair-powder was thrown in his teeth; and his language, sentiments, and grammar were represented as being analogous to those which prejudice attributes to the society of the servants' hall. Subsequently, however, whether it was that Mr. Jenkins apologized, or that our contemporary perceived that a better stuff was being substituted for the plush with which his articles had been originally made up, the joker went elsewhere in search of game, and the jokee began to lead a comparatively quiet life. This is a state of things we should be sorry to see disturbed; but feeling that time has completely repaired the breach between these two eminent public characters, we venture to make the above reflections. We have been led into them by the perusal of an article—or rather two articles—in the journal already referred to, which curiously illustrate the progressive development of flunkeyism. One was the leader of Tuesday last upon the marriage of the Princess Royal—the other was the reporter's account of the ceremony and the circumstances attending it. The latter contained abundant traces of that style, pure and simple, which first exasperated the philosopher of Fleet-street—the former of the same style, but mellowed and ripened by age. The one was brisk and smart, but light—the other was sententious, and had, so to speak, much more body. But perhaps the true relation existing between the two may be made more clear by taking a congenial illustration. On sunny autumn afternoons at close of the session, or haply on a fine summer evening in the season, if the family are dining out, a portly man of grave demeanour and large stomach may be here and there observed on the door-step of some mansion where the wealthy nobles dwell, in Belgravia or Mayfair. He is dressed in simple but correct and spotless black, and for the most part wears a Glengarry bonnet knowingly posed upon his thoughtful brow. As he stands there in the sunset, serenely listening to the distant German band, or surveying the passers-by with a disdain he scarcely cares to conceal, he is a puzzle to casual country cousins and stray travellers from the East-end, many of whom go home with the impression that they have seen his Grace the noble proprietor of the establishment. It is whispered, however, that those limbs, now clad in glossy sable, once figured in plush and silk—that those ample shoulders once bore a coat of many colours—that those locks, now respectably white from time alone, once sought the adventurous aid of powder and pomatum. That was when he was John Thomas Jellycalf, or simply Jellycalf. Now he is Mr. Jellycalf, has a room of his own, some property, and heavy paternal notions about men and things, and all the other servants call him "Sir." The quondam butt of *Punch*, we take it, has achieved a position somewhat similar to this. He is Jenkins

no longer. The Jenkinship has passed into younger hands—those, we suspect, that were on duty at St. James's on Monday. The original holder of the office is now Mr. Jenkins. He wears livery no longer, but dresses, *cæteris paribus*, like an ordinary individual.

We need hardly say it is to him we are indebted for the leader we have been speaking of. Nature and instinct rendered it impossible for him to pass over in silence such an event as that of Monday last. As the trumpet sets the old war-horse prancing, so a marriage in high life stirred his soul to be up and doing; but his mode of treating the subject is far different from what it would have been in his hot youth. A Royal marriage is no longer to him a thing of titles and uniforms, of state and ceremony, of raptures over the galaxy of beauty and nobility assembled, or notes of admiration about *trousseaus* and wedding presents. As becomes a man in his altered position, he takes a deeper, a purer, a more domestic view of the matter. While his younger colleague is rushing about asking every one whether it is imperial *velour épingle* or *vert d'Azoff* *moire antique* that the Duchess of X. wears, or if that is not the collar of the order of Hoch-halsbrochen that Prince W. has on, he sits quietly at home meditating upon the affections and social joys. With a noble condescension, he agrees to treat this as a marriage simply, and not as a marriage in high life. And, first, of marriage, what is it and whereunto shall he liken it? As he reflects, he bethinks him of that which, ere it reached its present pitch of perfection, cost him many a moment of anxious study, many a disheartening failure. "Marriage," he says, "is a tie of souls." As the spotless ends of that mystic band with which he encircles his neck each day are brought together and made one, uniting to form a thing simple to the vulgar eye but inscrutable in its mystery, so are souls united by matrimony; but let him elucidate the parable himself:—

There is a depth into which the outer world cannot pierce, which is unreachd and unaffected by all the pomp and splendour that ever graced the Court of the proudest princes. Vain are the costly accessories of the ceremony—the presence of crowned heads, the adulation of courtly nobles, even the solemn benedictions of archbishops and bishops—if there be not in both hearts the simple faith, fervent love, and mutual admiration, which can bear undiminished the wear and tear of life, and never tire and never lose its freshness, when the trappings and tinsel of Royalty and State are but as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Kings and Queens are men and women after all, and they have the loves, the passions, the hopes, the fears, the wants, and the weaknesses inherent in human nature. External rank and State do little or nothing for these. They are more or less artificial, and occasions continually arise when the most illustrious are glad to escape from what is artificial to the deep and more satisfying pleasures of private life.

There is something touching, considering the antecedents of the writer, in this simple confession of faith. None of us belonging to this outer world, we suppose, can imagine his struggles, his alternations between doubt and fear, ere the sad conviction came home to him that Kings and Queens were men and women, and that external rank and state are more or less artificial. But having once convinced himself that these things are so, he seems to be drawn towards the theme by some strange fascination. He proceeds to speculate upon the possibility of Royal personages having feelings like other people, and we fancy there is something like sadness in his tone as he does so:—

We can all understand the matronly pride and pleasure with which the Queen watched her loved maiden plighting her marriage vow to the lord of her affections, in the presence of that brilliant Court. But her truest, her deepest feelings were doubtless reserved for some later moment, when, secluded from the gaze of curious eyes, she folded her girl to her bosom, and both, in those moments of kissing and blessing, lost all recollection of royalty in the emotions of mother and child. Dearer in those deep moments would be the force of natural love than all the pleasures of rank and station. And this predominance of the natural over the artificial makes love a necessity to the happiness even of Kings and Queens. And thus the marriage of our Princess Royal—our fair lily of whom we are so justly proud—with the heir of a powerful kingdom, is not exempt from the ordinary laws that regulate the happiness of the humblest subjects of either realm. Far behind the pageantry of their outer life is the inner life of their hearts, with its deep cravings, which nothing worldly can satisfy. Neither palace life nor cottage life is free from the cares, and wants, and anguish, and ill, which are of necessity a part of human discipline.

We are not altogether clear that a State marriage is precisely the occasion on which to enlarge upon the absolute necessity for love in order to ensure happiness in married life; but at any rate it must be very satisfactory for all parties that some one should have appeared to take the part of the heavy stage-father, whose duty it is, as all who know anything of the drama are aware, to sermonize, moralize, talk sentiment, and finally send off the young couple—as the article we have been quoting from does—with "B-l-e-s-s ye, my children."

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE operatic performances provided last week for her Majesty and her distinguished visitors, were Mr. Balfe's *Rose of Castille* and *La Sonnambula*. The former was performed on Thursday evening by the Pyne-Harrison company—the part of Don Pedro, however, being filled by Mr. F. Glover instead of Mr. Weiss, who ought not to have deserted his post on this occasion. The orchestra was that lately at the Lyceum, but swelled considerably in size. It was under the conduct of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and played the music to perfection. Though on a strange stage, and got up in an impromptu kind of manner, the opera on

the whole went well, and Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were both warmly encoired in their most favourite *morceaux*, even after the arrival of the Royal party. The music is indeed sparkling and brilliant throughout, and has evidently taken firm hold upon the popular mind. In the last act Miss Pyne was visibly labouring under indisposition, and with difficulty got through the finale.

In the ridiculous farce of *Boots at the Swan*, which followed, Robson kept the audience in a roar of laughter, in which the Royal party freely participated. Much, however, of what came from his lips and those of the other performers was inaudible, the dimensions of the house being evidently very unfavourable to all except musical performances.

On Saturday evening expectation was excited by the promised appearance of Madlle. Piccolomini as Amina, and of Signor Giuglini as Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*. The character of Amina is connected with so many associations and reminiscences of accomplished vocalists who have one after another charmed the world by their impersonation of the innocent peasant-girl, and by their warbling of Bellini's music, that an actress who undertakes the part for the first time has everything to contend against. Madlle. Piccolomini can do nothing without some touch of originality, and this carries her far in spite of deficiencies of voice, which were perhaps more manifest in her performance of this part than in any in which we have previously heard her. Nevertheless, she contrived to engage and hold the sympathies of the spectators. She looked and played the little rustic bride to perfection, and in the last sleep-walking scene there was something wondrously pitiful in her appearance of grief. The thorough way in which Madlle. Piccolomini throws herself into the character which she undertakes to impersonate, and the individuality with which she stamps it, are the great secrets of her success.

Signor Giuglini seemed to have caught the contagion of dramatic earnestness, and acted better than we have before seen him do. In fact, his Elvino was really an excellent representation of the torments of jealousy. The song, "Ah! perchè non posso odirti," was his great effort of the evening, but throughout the opera his brilliant and sure vocalization gave effect to every point. This was remarkably the case in the last scene, where Amina, still asleep, murmurs her grief, and the voice of the impatient Elvino from time to time makes itself heard. These ejaculations broke in upon the subdued tones of the chorus with startling clearness and force, yet without any loss of sweetness. Elvino is certainly one of Signor Giuglini's best characters, if not quite his best.

A word of praise is due to Madlle. Sannier, who played the part of Lisa, and gave a finish to the piece by the excellence of her acting in this character, which is generally left to shift for itself. It was satisfactory to see it well filled by a genuine artist. Signor Belletti as the Count completed the picture.

The congratulatory cantata by Messrs. Oxenford and Howard Glover followed the opera. Occasional productions of this kind are not often very satisfactory, but anything so unsatisfactory as the one in question it would be difficult to imagine. The performers were not up in their parts, and the whole was a terrible mass of confusion, the end of which brought considerable relief to the audience. An attempt was then made to sing "God save the Queen," and a very unsuccessful attempt it was. The second verse was a complete bungle, none of the leading performers, except Signor Belletti, seeming to know the words. On an occasion like the present such a *disgrazia* ought to have been guarded against. The ballet entertainment which concluded the evening had apparently reference to the rites of Hymen, whose altar was the most conspicuous among the properties of the scene. The whole wound up with a very mysterious allegorical *scena*, embracing, it appeared to us, the pantheon of the ancients—divers celestials being seated in the clouds above, while Neptune rose from beneath upon a sea-horse, the orchestra meanwhile playing "Rule Britannia."

REVIEWS.

WELCKER'S GREEK MYTHOLOGY.*

IT does not happen very often that we take up a German book of more than eight hundred pages, closely printed, and bristling with notes and quotations, and feel unwilling to put it down again before having finished it. However, this is what has happened to us, and will happen to many a reader of Professor Welcker's *Greek Mythology*, if he is capable of entering with a real and human interest into the life, and thoughts, and feelings of the ancient Greeks, and more particularly into the spirit of their religion, their worship, and sacred traditions. To those who require any preliminary information respecting the author, we may say, first of all, that Welcker is a very old man—a man belonging almost to an age gone by—one of the few men remaining of the heroic age of German scholarship. The present generation—a race not quite contemptible in itself—looks up to him as the Greeks looked up to Nestor. He knew old Voss, the translator of Homer, when he was a young man, fighting the battle of rational mythology against the symbolic school of Creuzer. He was the

* *Griechische Götterlehre*. Von F. G. Welcker. Erster Band. Göttingen. 1857.

friend of Zoëga. He speaks of Buttmann, of Lexilogus-Buttmann, as a scholar who had felt the influence of his teaching; and he looks upon Otfried Müller, the Dorian-Müller, as belonging originally to his school, though afterwards carrying out the views of his master in an independent—and sometimes too independent—spirit. Welcker has been lecturing and writing on mythology for years, and he finds, not without satisfaction, that many of the views which he first propounded in his lectures—lectures open to any one who liked to listen—have become current, and, as it were, public property, long before his book was published. He is not a man to put forward any claims of priority; and if he dwells at all on the subject, it is rather in self-defence. He wishes to remind his reader that if he propounds certain views with the warmth of a discoverer—if he defends them strenuously against all possible objections—it is because he has been accustomed to do so for years, and because it was necessary for him to do so at the time when he first elaborated his system, and explained it in his lectures. Welcker's *Mythology* has been expected for many years. It has been discussed long before it appeared. "It is to my great regret, and certainly without my fault," the author says, "that so great expectations have been raised." However, if the expectations have been great among the professors in Germany, they will admit that they have not been disappointed, and that the promise given by young Welcker has been fulfilled by the veteran.

The Science of the Greek Gods (*die Griechische Götterlehre*) which is the title of the book, though it carries the reader along most rapidly, exciting curiosity at every page, and opening new views in every chapter, is nevertheless a book which requires more than one perusal. It may be read, with the exception of some less finished chapters, for pleasure, but it deserves to be studied, to be thought over, examined and criticised, and it is then only that its real value is discovered. There have been many books published lately on mythology. Preller, Gerhard, Schelling, Maury, have followed each other in rapid succession. Preller's *Greek Mythology* is a useful and careful compendium. Gerhard's *Greek Mythology* is a storehouse, only sometimes rather a labyrinth, of mythological lore. On Schelling's *Philosophy of Mythology*, published in his posthumous works, we hardly dare to pronounce an opinion. And yet, with all due respect for his great name, with a sincere appreciation of some deep thoughts on the subject of mythology—and more particularly with a full acknowledgment of his merits in having pointed out more strongly than anybody else the inevitable character of mythological thought and language in the widest sense of the word—we must say, as critics, that his facts and theories defy all rules of sound scholarship, and that his language is so profuse and vague, as to be unworthy of the century we live in. To any one who knows how powerful and important an influence Schelling's mind exercised on Germany at the beginning of this century, it is hard to say this. But if we could not read his posthumous volumes without sadness, and without a strong feeling of the mortality of all human knowledge, we cannot mention them, when they must be mentioned, without expressing our opinion that though they are interesting on account of their author, they are disappointing in every other respect. Maury's *Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique* is, like all the works of that industrious writer, elegant and pleasing. It does not profess to add any results of independent research to what was known before on the various subjects on which he writes. Thus the gifted author escapes criticism, and only carries away the thanks of all who read his compilations. What distinguishes Welcker from all his predecessors is this—that with him mythology is not only a collection of fables, to be described, sifted, and arranged, but a problem to be solved, and a problem as important as any in the history of the world. His whole heart is in his work. He wants to know, and wants to explain what mythology means—how such a thing as Greek mythology could ever have existed. It is the origin of every god which he tries to discover, leaving everything else to flow naturally from the source once opened and cleared. A second feature, which is peculiar to his treatment of mythology, is that he never looks on the Greek fables as a system. There were myths before there was a mythology, and it is in this, their original and unsystematic form alone that we may hope to discover the genuine and primitive meaning of every myth. A third distinguishing feature of Welcker's book consists in the many things he leaves out. If a myth had once been started, poets, artists, philosophers, and old women might do with it whatever they pleased. If there was once a Hercules travelling all over the earth, killing monsters, punishing wickedness, and doing what no one else could do, the natural result would be that, in every town and village, whatever no one else could have done would be ascribed to Hercules. The little stories invented to account for all these Herculean doings may be very interesting to the people of the village, but they have as little right to a place in Greek Mythology as the Swiss legends of the Devil's bridges to a place in a work on Swiss Theology or History. To be able to distinguish between what is essential and what is not, requires a peculiar talent, and Professor Welcker possesses it. A fourth point which is of characteristic importance in Welcker's manner of handling Greek mythology is the skill with which he takes every single myth to pieces. When he treats of Apollo he does not treat of him as one person, beginning with his birth, detailing his various exploits, accounting for his numerous epithets, and removing the contradictory character of many of his good or bad

qualities. The birth of the god is one myth, his association with a twin sister another, his quarrel with Hermes a third—each intelligible in itself, though perplexing when gathered up into one large web of Apollonic theology.

Nowhere, again, have we seen the original character of the worship of Zeus, as *the God*—or, as he is called in later times, as the Father of the Gods, as the God of Gods—drawn with so sure and powerful a hand as in Welcker's *Mythology*. When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God, as the supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of one God, the Father of Heaven, the Father of men, we find in Greece a worship of nature. These powers of nature, originally worshipped as such, were afterwards changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the King and father. This third phase is what is generally called Greek mythology; but it was preceded in time, or at least rendered possible in thought, by the two prior conceptions—a belief in a supreme God, and a worship of the powers of nature. The Greek religions, says Welcker, if they are analysed and reduced to their original form, are far more simple than we thought. It is so in all great things. And the better we are acquainted with the variety and complications of all that has grown up around them, the more we feel surprised at the smallness of the first seeds—the simplicity of the fundamental ideas. The divine character of Zeus, as distinct from his mythological character, is most carefully elaborated by Welcker; and he avails himself of all the discoveries of comparative philology in order to show more clearly how the same idea which found expression in the ancient religions of the Brahmans, the Slaves, and the Germans had been preserved under the same simple, clear, and sublime name by the original settlers of Hellas. We are not inclined to be too critical when we meet with a classical scholar who avails himself of the works of Sanskrit philologists. It does him credit if he only acknowledges that the beginnings of Greek language, Greek thought and tradition, lie beyond the horizon of the so-called classical world. It is surprising to find, even at the present day, men of the highest attainments in Greek and Latin scholarship, intentionally shutting their eyes to what they know to be the discovery of a new world. Unwilling to study a new subject, and unable to confess their ignorance on any subject, they try to dispose of the works of a Humboldt, Bopp, or Bunsen by pointing out a few mistakes—perhaps a wrong accent or a false quantity—which "any schoolboy would be ashamed of." They might as well scoff at Wyld's *Globe* because it has not the accuracy of an Ordnance survey. So, if we find in a work like Welcker's, little slips, such as *devas*, sky, instead of god, *dyavi*, a Sanskrit dative, instead of *divé*, the dative, or *dyavi*, the locative, we just mark them on the margin, but we do not crow over them like schoolmasters, or rather schoolboys. We should sometimes like to ask a question—for instance, how Professor Welcker could prove that the German word God, has the same meaning as good? He quotes Grimm's *History of the German Language*, p. 571, in support of this assertion, but we have looked in vain for any passage where Grimm gives up his former opinion, that the two words *God* and *good*, run parallel in all the Teutonic dialects, but never converge towards a common origin. However, Welcker's example, we hope, will have its good effect among classical scholars. What could have been a greater triumph for all who take an interest in comparative philology and in a more comprehensive study of ancient humanity, than to find in a work on Greek mythology, written by one of the most famous classical scholars, the fundamental chapter—the chapter containing the key to the whole system—headed, "The Vedas?"

But even Welcker is not without his backslidings. In some parts of his work, and particularly in his chapter on Zeus, he admits implicitly the whole argument of comparative mythology. He admits that the first beginnings of Zeus, the god of gods, must be studied in the ancient songs of the Veda, and in the ancient traditions of the chief members of the Aryan family. But afterwards he would like to make his reserves. He has been studying the Greek gods all his life, and the names and natures of many of them had become clear and intelligible to him without the help of Sanskrit or the Veda. Why should they be handed over to the Aryan crucible? This is a natural feeling. It is the same in Greek etymology. If we can fully explain a Greek word from the resources of the Greek language, why should we go beyond? And yet it cannot be avoided. Some of the most plausible Greek etymologies have had to give way before the most unlikely, and yet irrefragable, derivations from Sanskrit. Many a Greek scholar may very naturally say, why, if we can derive *θεός* from *θεαυ*, or from *τιθημι*, should we go out of our way and derive it from a Sanskrit root *dyu*? Any one acquainted with the true principles of etymology will answer this question; and Welcker himself would be the first to admit, that from no other source but the root *dyu* can the Greek *θεός* be derived. But the same argument holds good with regard to the names of the gods. *Ζῆς*, the old nominative, of which we have the accusative *Ζῆν* (*Iliad*, viii. 206, formerly *Ζην*), and *Ζῆν*, of which we have the accusative *Ζῆνα*, might well have been derived by former Greek etymologists from *ζῆν*, to live. But Professor Welcker knows well that, after etymology has assumed an historical and scientific character, a derivation, inapplicable to the cognate forms of *Ζεύς* in Sanskrit, is inapplicable to the word itself in Greek. There are, no doubt, words and mythological names peculiar to Greece, and framed in Greece after the separation of the Aryan tribes. *Κροῖών*, for

instance, is a Greek word, and a Greek idea, and Professor Welcker was right in explaining it from Greek sources only. But wherever the same mythological name exists in Greek and Sanskrit, no etymology can be admitted which would be applicable to the Greek only, without being applicable to the Sanskrit word. There is no such being as *Krónos* in Sanskrit. *Krónos* did not exist till long after *Zeús* in Greece. *Zeús* was called by the Greeks the son of time. This is a simple mythological expression, and it meant originally not that time was the origin or the source of Zeus, but *Kroníon* or *Kroníds* was used in the sense of "connected with time," representing time, existing through all time. Derivations in *ion* and *ids* took, in later times, the more exclusive meaning of patronymics. Originally they had a more general qualifying sense, such as we find still in our own expressions, "son of pride," "sons of light," "son of Belial." *Kroníon* is the most frequent epithet of *Zeús* in Homer—it frequently stands by itself instead of *Zeús*. It was a name fully applicable to the Supreme God, the God of time, the Eternal God. Who does not think of the Ancient of Days? When this ceased to be understood, particularly as in the current word for time the *κ* had become aspirated (*κρόνος* had become *χρόνος*), people asked themselves the question, why is *Zeús* called *Kroníds*? And the natural and almost inevitable answer was, because he is the son, the offspring of a more ancient god, *Krónos*. This may be a very old myth in Greece; but the misunderstanding which gave rise to it, could have happened in Greece only. We cannot expect, therefore, a god *Krónos* in the Veda. When this myth of *Krónos* had once been started, it would roll on irresistibly. If *Zeús* had a father called *Krónos*, *Krónos* must have had a wife. Yet it should be remembered as a significant fact, that in Homer, *Zeús* is not yet called the son of Rhea, and that the name of *Kroníds* belongs originally to *Zeús* only, and not to his later brothers, Poseidon and Hades. Myths of this kind can be analysed by Greek mythologists, as all the verbs in *éw*, *áo*, and *áo* can be explained by Greek etymologists. But most other names, such as *Hermes*, *Eos*, *Eros*, *Erinnys* require more powerful tests; and Professor Welcker has failed to discover their primitive character, because he was satisfied with a merely Greek etymology. He derives *Erinnys*, or *Erinyes*, from a verb *ἐρυννέω*, to be angry, and gives to her the original meaning of Conscience. Others have derived it from the same root as *ἐρις*, strife—others again from *ἐρεῖνω*, to ask. But *Erinnys* is too old a god for so modern a conception. *Erinnys* is the Vedic *Saranyú*, the dawn; and even in Greek she is still called *ἡετοφώρις*, hovering in the gloom. There is no word expressive of any abstract quality, which had not originally a material meaning; nor is there in the ancient language of mythology any abstract deity which does not cling with its roots to the soil of nature. Professor Welcker is not the man to whom we need address this remark. He knows the German proverb:—

Kein Faden ist so fein gesponnen
Er kommt doch endlich an der Sonnen.

He also knows how the sun is frequently represented as the avenger of dark crimes. The same idea is expressed by the myth of *Erinnys*. Instead of our lifeless and abstract expression, "a crime is sure to be discovered," the old proverbial and poetical expression was, the Dawn, the *Erinnys*, will bring it to light. Crime itself was called, in the later mythologizing language, the daughter of Night, and her avenger therefore could only be the Dawn. Was not the same Dawn called the bloodhound? Could she not find the track of the cattle stolen from the gods? She had a thousand names in ancient language, because she called forth a thousand different feelings in the ancient human heart. A few only of these names became current appellatives; others remained as proper names, unintelligible in their etymological meaning and their poetical conception. The Greeks knew as little that *Erinnys* meant the Dawn, as Shakespeare knew the meaning of the Weird Sisters. Weird, however, was originally one of the three Nornes, the German *Parcæ*. They were called *Urdr*, *Verdandi*, and *Skuld*, Past, Present, and Future; and the same idea is expressed more graphically by the thread that is spun, the thread passing through the finger, and the thread which is still on the distaff—or by *Lachesis* singing the past (*τὰ γεγονότα*), *Klotho* singing the present (*τὰ ὄντα*), and *Atropos* singing the future (*τὰ μέλλοντα*). The most natural expression for to-morrow was the morn; for the future, the dawn. Thus *Saranyú*, as one of the names of the dawn, became the name of the future, more especially of the coming avenger, the inevitable light. Homer speaks of the *Erinnys* in the plural, and so do the poets of the Veda. Neither of them, however, know as yet their names and parentage. *Hesiod* calls them the daughters of the Earth, conceived of the drops of the blood of *Ouranos*. *Sophocles* claims the same right as *Hesiod*—he calls them the daughters of *Skotos*, or Darkness. Thus a mere proverb would supply in time a whole chapter of mythology, and furnish an *Æschylus* and *Plato* with subjects for the deepest thought and the most powerful poetry.

Into these, the earliest strata of mythological language and thought, no shaft can reach from the surface of Greece or Italy, and we cannot blame Professor Welcker for having failed in extricating the last roots and fibres of every mythological name. He has done his work; he has opened a mine, and, after bringing to light the treasures he was in search of, he has pointed out the direction in which that mine may be worked with safety. If new light is to be thrown on the most ancient and the most in-

teresting period in the history of the human mind—the period in which names were given and myths were formed—that light must come from the Vedas; and we trust that Professor Welcker's book, by its weak as well as by its strong points, will impress on every classical scholar what *Otfried Müller* perceived many years ago, "that matters have come to that point, that classical philology must either resign altogether the historical understanding of the growth of language, as well as all etymological researches into the shape of roots and the organism of grammatical forms, or trust itself on these points entirely to the guidance and counsel of comparative philology."

A TIMELY RETREAT.*

"A Sudden thought strikes me," said Maud Leslie, to her sister. "Let us start at once for India." Nora and Maud were two lovely creatures, all gushing, and quizzing, and flirting; and having been to Paris at the Exhibition time, they thought they had managed so well there, that they would go on to Meerut. "Mamma saw no objection," so they each bought fifty-three dresses, and started. They had no guard but heaven and their innocence and a neat pair of little revolvers; but these were enough, for they entertained the most beautifully pious thoughts by moonlight, in the intervals of flirtation, and "as they did not drink or smoke, they had, when shooting, a much steadier hand and more correct eye than gentlemen." The voyage was such fun. They were dressed in a loose scarlet flannel jacket, "made expressly for boating in," which Nora considered the perfection of feminine nautical costume, but which provoked a gentleman to exclaim, "Let me away, before I get burnt up." So strong was their sense of propriety, that they actually would not go to a ball at Malta for want of a chaperone—a trait of modesty which went to the heart of the Captain, and induced him to take them a rowing excursion in the harbour as a consolation for the loss of the gaiety which was going on. The lovely Maud was so quiet that the Captain asked two or three times what she was thinking of. She answered next day by presenting him with a copy of fifty appropriate verses. They reached Egypt, were lifted up the Pyramids, and were disgusted at the Sphinx. The travelling in the vans was positively delicious, and the moment the sisters appeared anywhere, "they were overwhelmed with offers of assistance." And then they plagued their admirers so pleasantly—they carried locked journals, and would not allow "mortal eye to gaze on the contents." They stole pumpkins hung up by the purser on the ship's side, who had taken the fruit in while the ship touched at Ceylon. And so, after six weeks of flirting and poetising, and pistol practice, they got to Calcutta—to all which, as mamma had no objection, why should any one else have?

After a short stay in Calcutta, the sisters set off in a *dák gharrie*, under the appropriate protection of two young cadets. Their first discovery was, that they had no towels, and one of the cadets was equally destitute; but the other had some, so they all four washed with the second cadet's towels, and seemed to get intimate directly. For the payment of current expenses they adopted an excellent plan. Each person laid down ten shillings, and one of the cadets paid for everything till the two pounds were gone, and then he applied for more. Of course the Miss Leslies had something to bear on so long and hot a journey, but they were fortunately provided with a large store of muslin jackets, which they found "an immense comfort." At Allahabad, one of their protectors left them, and his departure was followed by several little disasters—each of the sisters had a fever, and their carriage broke down, and they had to sit "for two mortal hours by the roadside." Their misadventures brought them offers of assistance from a travelling captain, who politely informed the cadet that he was "to look to himself, as the Miss Leslies were never meant to marry an ensign"—a sentiment which the cadet very good-naturedly repeated immediately to the sisters.

At last they met with their brother, a gentleman in the Civil Service, stationed at Meerut. They were welcomed, on their arrival at that place, with a round of gaieties, and they made their *début* at a dinner party given by the Commissioner. Every pleasure has its drawbacks, and Nora was not so happy in her mind as she ought to have been. "She felt her complexion was not satisfactory," so she at first took to her bed, and vowed she would not go. Of course she went. After the dinner, there was a dance, and on first entering the drawing-room, Maud and Nora had a few moments of dreadful suspense. "Would our captivating toilettes," said Maud to herself, "be unavailing in procuring us partners, and of what kind?" However, the suspense was soon over, and they had the heartfelt "pleasure of knowing that two or three eyeglasses were steadily fixed on their white shoes, which were decorated with cherry-coloured bows." And this was the beginning of a controversy that raged violently, as long as they were in the station. "Some gentlemen admired these bows extravagantly, but others stood aloof." Thenceforward the sisters led a life of incessant gaiety—balls, dinners, and balls again, until the season was over, and they went on an excursion to the mountains. But even on the hills they had a fancy ball, and it was settled that the Miss Leslies should represent two *Granvillaise* girls, "notwithstanding many questions as to the propriety of displaying their ankles." When the cold season came on, they returned to Meerut, and had

* *The Timely Retreat*; or, *a Year in Bengal before the Mutinies*. By Two Sisters. London: Bentley. 1858.

some more balls and dinner parties, and riding excursions. The time allotted for their stay was then over, and they returned to England, but under the prosaic and unnecessary surveillance of a married woman, which quite spoilt their homeward journey.

Such is the outline of a book called the *Timely Retreat*; or, *a Year in Bengal*, of which Maud is the writer and chief heroine. We do not remember to have ever seen a book at all like it, nor to have heard of any other young ladies who set off to India to have a year's flirting, with the same unconcern as two sportsmen go out to have a day's shooting. We do not wish to invade the privacy of family life, but we certainly should like to know what are the sort of things to which the mamma of the Leslie circle does see an objection. The book is in its way amusing, because of its extraordinary frankness. It also contains some lively sketches of Anglo-Indian life. Miss Maud only saw this life on its worst and most frivolous side. All the higher Civil servants were, she tells us, so occupied, that they would have nothing to do with the scandal-mongering, and gossip, and gaiety that was going on. The picture of the existence of the ladies and officers, whose time was not engrossed by business, is not a very attractive one. A purposeless squandering of money, and a watering-place passion for vulgar love stories, seem the chief features. But such a picture borrows many of its tints from the mind of the spectator; and perhaps a writer who had gone out to Meerut in the ordinary way, who respected the proprieties of social life, and had some faint notion of what is meant by ladylike reserve, might have detected a few good points in the society of the English in India.

Miss Maud is a lively lady, and has probably been accustomed to have something of her own way, to domineer over her partners, and find her smart sayings hailed with delight. But it is a strong measure to quiz acquaintances and friends on paper, and publish the satire to the world. The English of Meerut have had many more serious things to think of since the Miss Leslies were there, and the society then collected at the station must now be in a great measure dispersed. But if the members of that society had continued to dwell together, we should think the first wish of their hearts would have been that they might for all time to come be delivered from the invasion of such visitors as Maud. She sketches from the life, and her sketches are obviously so far accurate that they describe the ridiculous points of individuals. Of course the names are altered, but that is no protection. No one who two years ago was at Meerut can have any difficulty in recognising the portrait of Mr. Wren—whose prominent forehead and merry, good-humoured face invariably reminded Maud of "codlin apples"—or that of "a sandy-haired, thin, wizen-faced youth, called the Obnoxious Boy." Such things pass off in conversation, but it is great folly and impertinence to print them. Altogether, we think it would have been much better if, in the first instance, mamma had seen some objection, and we should be very sorry that the doings or the sayings of the writer should be taken as at all fair specimens of the ordinary conduct and language of an English lady.

LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

AMONG the curiosities of historical literature there is perhaps no one more remarkable than the interest which still adheres to the name of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Nearly a century ago, Robertson (the first edition of whose *History of Scotland* was published in 1759) complained that, between the prejudices of those who accounted her a martyr and of those who denounced her as a criminal, "we search in vain for Mary's real character." His complaint might with equal justice be repeated in 1857, since whenever the Queen of Scots is made the subject of narration, the passions that obscured contemporary accounts of her prove to be nearly as rife and rancorous as ever. "The Queen, the beauty, still sets the world" of writers "in arms;" and it is not yet settled, nor seems likely to be, whether she was a "foul Duessa" or a persecuted and suffering "Una."

But although we cannot undertake, *tantas componere lites*, we are free to protest against such reckless partisanship as Mr. Mac Leod is guilty of in the volume before us. The *furor biographicus* is a well-known genus of disease; but in Mr. Mac Leod's case it amounts to a chronic access of malignant fever. He will neither hear nor give reasons—he rides roughshod over evidence—he rushes with the fury of a Malay against his opponents. Never was any queen so white as Mary, never any so black as Elizabeth. He condemns to the Gehenna of traitors and tyrants those who imprisoned, uncrowned, and brought to the block the object of his adoration. Elizabeth, in his eyes, is a Catherine of Russia—the Regent Murray a Judas—Cecil an Achitophel, who merited Achitophel's end—and John Knox and George Buchanan rank with "Borgia and Catiline," with Dangerfield and Titus Oates. For "slander against Queen Elizabeth" no kennel is too vile to rake in—for the innocence of Mary, no surmise is too bold, no palliation too extravagant. In short, Mr. Mac Leod is such a biographer of the Queen of Scots as the author of *Leicester's Commonwealth* would have taken to his heart, and as Pope Pius V., had he been prophetic as well as infallible, would have canonized beforehand for his zeal and hardihood.

We do not clearly see what Hecuba is to Mr. Mac Leod,

* *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*. In Two Books. By Donald Mac Leod. New York. 1857.

"that he should thus weep," or rather rail, "for her." He writes in a land professing to have no sympathy with the divinity which hedges kings, admitting no paramount claims to reverence in either aristocracy or church, removed from the actions and persons he delineates by the space of three centuries, and consequently, one would think, far above any conceivable temptation to indulge in the sound and fury of such a tirade as he is pleased to entitle a *Life of the Queen of Scots*. Ladies in general are not the most impartial of biographers; but the love of Mr. Mac Leod, as well as his hatred, is "passing the love" and hatred "of women."

We should have scarcely thought this worthless book—which, indeed, carries its own confutation with it in nearly every page—deserving particular notice, were it not for the fact that Mary and Elizabeth respectively are the representatives of principles, and that these principles have more than a name to live in the present day. For, on the one hand, there is a school of sickly sentimentalism that cries up the Stuarts as victims to popular, and even Jacobinical, clamour—represents Mary of Modena, as Miss Strickland does, as a perfectly wise and virtuous woman, if people at the time could but have thought her so—and Charles the First as worthy of the service set apart for him in the Prayer Book, and as such a king, in fact, as Fénelon has drawn in *Telemaachus* for the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy. On the other hand, there is a scarcely less mischievous sect which glosses over all the excesses of the Reformation in this country—all the pride and tyranny of the Puritans, against which even Milton protested—and includes in one sweeping vote of censure or oblivion all the services rendered by the Roman Church in its better days to the cause of freedom, charity, and civilization. "We are fallen," both as regards speech and writing, "upon evil tongues and evil days"—fallen, on one side, into puny affectation, on the other, into arrogant complacency; and between the two, the robe of Christian charity is rent from heel to shoulder, and the divisions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bid fair to repeat themselves in the nineteenth.

Before we notice one or two salient points in the history of Mary—the points whence, in our opinion, her errors and infelicities, *ceu fonte perenni*, proceed—we must protest against Mr. Mac Leod's parade of the authorities from which his narrative is derived. Among "the principal works consulted," he names the following:—"Strickland, Agnes, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*;"—"Abbot, Jacob, *History of Mary Queen of Scots*, New York;"—"Aytoun, W. E., *Bothwell, a Poem*." Such echoes he passes on the unwary reader as voices entitled to an independent hearing. But there is one authority which is not cited in this list, and without which we incline to think "the world had wanted this idle song" of Mr. Mac Leod's; and that is, *Histoire de Marie Stuart, par M. Mignet*—a work nearly as unfair as his own, but much more agreeable to read. *Sequitur Mignet non passibus aequis*.

Mr. Hallam has remarked that, in the Free Towns of the Netherlands, even liberty wore so repulsive an aspect that we are often tempted to regard their turbulence as a greater evil than the oppressions of their Burgundian sovereigns. A similar observation will apply to Scotland at the time when Mary landed at the Port of Leith. Although invited to her kingdom by all estates of her subjects, it was scarcely possible that, after the first curiosity about their new Sovereign was satisfied, she should be cordially welcomed there. Scotland had narrowly escaped becoming an appanage of the French crown, first, by the defeat of Mary of Lorraine, and next, by the premature decease of Francis II., the younger Mary's husband. John Knox, in his coarse way, uttered the feelings of his countrymen when he exclaimed, on the death of the Queen Regent, "God, for his mercy sake, rid us of the rest of the Guisean blood, amen!" It was accordingly most unfortunate for Mary, at such a juncture, that her childhood and early youth had been passed at a court which her subjects regarded as little less the Synagogue of Satan than Rome itself, while, on the other hand, she was trained to consider her subjects as heretics, apostates, and traitors to Christendom, whom it was her bounden duty to compel to return into the pale of the Church. Again, she was most infelicitous in having for her inheritance such a kingdom as Scotland was in the sixteenth century. In Scotland, feudalism had never laid aside its savage attributes. The Church had produced few, if any, great statesmen or scholars, such as Wolsey or Ximenes, and had contributed little or nothing either to the civilization of the world or of its own flock. More than one of the Stuart kings were accomplished gentlemen; but they stood nearly alone amid a herd of ignorant and ferocious nobles, whom poverty and pride alike sundered from the chivalry of the rest of Europe. Their restless and acrimonious passions in the sixteenth century were further inflamed by theological zeal, and a realm always split up into factious clans was then reft into two yet more virulent schisms—Romanism and Calvinism. All the firmness and sagacity of Elizabeth might have been baffled by such discords—the feeble and more feminine character of Mary was overwhelmed by them.

All, however, went on tolerably well, despite much brutality to the Queen on the part of Knox and his abettors, so long as Mary remained unmarried, and so long as she allowed herself to be guided by the counsels of her half-brother, James Stuart, Earl of Murray. Mr. Mac Leod sees in the future Regent nothing but a Gaius or an Iago. He believes him from the first to have

been the prompter or the tool of Elizabeth in all her wayward and harsh dealings with her sister-Queen, and even to have plotted her destruction before she set foot in her kingdom. We have no inclination to write an apology for either Elizabeth or Murray, but we ask Mr. Mac Leod for the grounds of his assertion. Who makes the biographer a judge? It is his business to tell his story as he finds it written down, and to speak no more than is set down for him. Mary was as unlucky in her marriages as Austria is proverbially said to be fortunate. For, brilliant as her first match seemed, it had no propitious aspect for her native kingdom—hardly indeed, with all its splendour, for herself. On the one hand, it embroiled her for life with her crafty mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, and thus eventually, and when most she needed it, cost her the support of France; and, on the other, it inspired her subjects with not unwarrantable alarm towards one so dependent upon the hated Guises. Her second marriage, however, was infinitely worse. She leagued herself to a profligate untoward lad, whose only recommendation was his personal beauty, and whose only excuse for arrogance, treachery, and gross vices was his youth and inexperience. Darnley does not receive any extraordinarily hard measure from Mr. Mac Leod—it is indeed scarcely possible to undervalue him: yet both historians and biographers have too generally forgotten what a mere boy this poor “mockery king” was.

We are not among those who think that the murder of Darnley has ever been brought home to Mary. We say this, not so much because we hold her incapable of such a crime—for she was a pupil of the Guises, who poisoned and stabbed as they listed, and she was also an outraged wife—as because, at that particular juncture, it was her interest that Darnley should live, whereas it was just then very convenient for some of Mary's enemies that he should die. The Scottish statesmen of that day were not more particular about a life or two than the Cardinal of Lorraine himself, and the King Consort knew some perilous secrets, which a little cajoling on his wife's part might worm from him. But Mary's conduct after the tragedy at Kirk of Field, gave her all the semblance of an accessory after the fact, and as such it is scarcely possible to exonerate her from the guilt of the real perpetrators.

Mr. Mac Leod, not content with portraying Mary as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished women of the age—and so she was, by universal consent, from old Brantôme downwards—will have it that she was also one of the most guileless and gentle. If guileless, much time and expense were thrown away upon her education at the French court; and during her long imprisonment in England, she must, if indeed without guile herself, have possessed a most subtle man or woman of business, for her plottings against Elizabeth showed as little of the dove and as much of the serpent as we can well imagine, and her letters would not have discredited Cecil or Richelieu himself. Of her gentleness we also crave leave to doubt, not denying her powers of fascination over all who came within reach of her, nor that, in gracefulness, she surpassed all the ladies of her court. Our scepticism on this head rests on several passages in Mary's life. The following may serve for a sample that, in some of her moods, it was not less dangerous to cross her than it would have been to thwart her fiery ancestor, the Red Tod himself. Her army, and that of the Kirk, encountered each other at Carberry Hill. With the hateful Bothwell at her right hand, and doubtless controlling all freedom of action on her part, it was scarcely possible that any Scotsman would consent to shed his blood for her; and so accordingly it proved, after a brief parley between the hosts. Her followers melted away like snow in the first warm days of spring. Bothwell and about sixty of his followers rode off *ventre à terre*, for thousand. of avengers of blood were behind them, and Mary was left alone in a circle of grim steel-clad men, around which surged an infuriate multitude, clamouring for judgment on the adulteress. Yet, even in that moment, Mary's heart quailed not. A lioness at bay, she won for an instant—perhaps she deserved—the respect of her hunters. “Give me your hand, sir,” she said to Lord Lindsay, a brutal ruffian, who a few weeks afterwards gripped her arm till the blood sprang under his steel glove. “By this hand,” she exclaimed, as her tiny fingers clasped his gauntlet, “I will have your head for this.” We can admire as much as Mr. Mac Leod Mary's courage, but “gentle” seems rather an inapposite epithet for such a heroine.

Mr. Mac Leod's assumptions, surmises, and perversions of fact in Mary's favour, and to Elizabeth's prejudice, become so numerous and exorbitant as his narrative proceeds, that we are constrained to leave him in possession of the ground from sheer weariness of contradiction. Only on two other points we must briefly join issue with him. He has recounted at some length the difficulties which Mary encountered in Scotland, but has passed over in silence those which beset Elizabeth in England. He ignores, or is unaware of the fact that, barely half a century earlier than the accession of these rival Queens, England was bleeding at every pore from the effects of a disputed title to the crown, and that, numerically at least, a moiety of Elizabeth's subjects, regarded her as a bastard, and Mary as the rightful occupant of the throne. He forgets that the Treaty of Edinburgh did not bar Mary Stuart from accession to the English crown (and that Elizabeth thought well of her claim is shown by the nomination of James), and therefore did no wrong to the Scottish Queen, while it was absolutely essential to Elizabeth's security, *durante vita*. He forgets that although Mary's religion was well nigh powerless in the northern kingdom, in the southern it would have lighted a hardly extinguished flame, and

perhaps caused such a reaction as her namesake's fanaticism had so recently produced. He is apparently ignorant that, though the elder Mary was only feebly supported by Spain, the younger would have been backed in her restoration of the ancient faith by both the great Catholic kingdoms of Europe—by Spain, that a second opportunity might not be let slip for extinguishing heresy, and by France, both by reason of her kinship, and by reasons of State. France and Spain might perhaps have quarrelled over their prey, but before their division, the Guises and Alva would, with the aid of the English Catholics, have trodden out every spark of religious and political freedom in this island. Again, Mr. Mac Leod is quite confident that the letters which her accusers so reluctantly produced against Mary were forgeries of Murray, composed by the venal and vindictive pen of George Buchanan. “When they do agree on the stage,” says Mr. Puff, “their unanimity is wonderful.” But the unanimity on this point, of the Scotch Commissioners producing these fatal documents, the English Commissioners examining them, and the Queen reluctantly admitting their genuineness, is something much more extraordinary than any scenic prodigy of the kind. Mr. Mac Leod, indeed, exclaims, with Dogberry, “fore gad, they're both of a tale.” And so, indeed, were all at the time concerned in the investigation—even Mary's own advocates; for they did not allege the spuriousness of these letters—that allegation was an afterthought, a dying effort in her behalf, years later. When it was most important to prove them forgeries, they were tacitly admitted to be authentic; and, being authentic, they justified the Scottish nation in their refusal to “have this woman to reign over them,” and Elizabeth in holding in ward a sovereign who had brought one crown into contempt, and might bring another into peril.

PARIS SALONS.*

IT is an arduous task that Madame Ancelot has imposed on herself in publishing her recollections of the *Salons* of Paris. It may be, perhaps, owing to the exalted idea we had been taught to form of the brilliancy of these *réunions*, or to the extreme difficulty of reproducing that brilliancy, that we must attribute the disappointment we felt in reading her volume. Although it is very amusing, we expected something fuller and more graphic from an accomplished writer whose reminiscences must be alike rich and varied. Perhaps, from the very nature of the subject, its tendency is rather to excite than satisfy the imagination. In one of his memoirs M. Victor Cousin asks, “Qu'est-ce, je vous prie, qu'une plaisanterie à deux siècles de distance?” And what, we may ask, is a *bon mot* divested of the charm with which it was uttered? The *salons* of Paris, like the *bureaux d'esprit*, have passed away, not so much because the elements which composed them are wanting as the conditions under which they combined. Where there is no liberty, there is no life. The freedom essential to intellectual energy and expression, which constituted the charm of the old *salons*, is notoriously wanting in the France of our day. At the time of the Restoration, Madame Ancelot was introduced to that remarkable society of which she was destined to become an ornament. It was a reactionary period, which has so often been productive of greatness in the literary as well as in the political world. France rested, as it were, dazzled and weary with a glory that had cost too much, and the descendant of Louis XIV. was welcomed as the representative of constitutional monarchy and repose. The Revolution had swept away those class barriers which separated kindred minds; and if exclusiveness existed, it was the exclusiveness of intellect, not of caste. The true king who ruled in Parisian society was *l'esprit*. No one who has lived in tranquil times can be sensible of the change in manners, customs, and even fashions, which a great political change involves. New men and new ideas give an altered tone to society.

Madame Ancelot would have us thoroughly understand the distinction between the *salons* of her youth and the *filles* at which a crowd of people who, chiefly unknown to each other, assemble for the purpose of dancing, listening to music, stargazing, and being stared at. A *salon*, in her acceptance of the term, is a “réunion intime,” lasting many years, and where “l'on se connaît et se cherche, où l'on a quelque raison d'être heureux de se rencontrer.” Although numbers of the same people met at different houses, there was no monotony, as the host or hostess, who formed the connecting link between the guests, gave each *salon* a different aspect or a new character. There were amateur theatricals at the Duchesse d'Abrante's—at Charles Nodier's, *fêtes* and balls as fantastic as his *Contes*—at the Marquis de Custine's, *réunions* of all classes, harmonized by the voice of Duprez and the improvisations of Chopin. There were Chateaubriand, Lamennais, De Bonald, De Maistre, in the glory of a full meridian, whilst Lamartine, Soumet, De Vigny, Hugo, Ancelot, and Casimir Delavigne were rising men. Art was represented by Gérard, Guerin, Gros, and Girodet—science by Laplace, Cuvier, and others. The first *salon* mentioned is that of Madame Lebrun, whose beauty and sense attracted and kept around her the most distinguished men of the day. This lady was a successful portrait-painter before the first Revolution. She was *flirted* at the Court of Marie Antoinette, and much sought after in society. In

* *Les Salons de Paris, Foyers Eteints*. Par Madame Ancelot. Paris, 1857.

a humble apartment where she had not sufficient seats for her guests, she received a crowd of great ladies, and men such as the Prince de Ligne, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, and Rivarol. In 1789, she took refuge in Italy, and was obliged to remake her fortune in Russia, Germany, and England. Everywhere successful and well received, she returned to France at the Restoration, and, after thirty years' wandering, established herself in Paris. It was in her honoured and kindly old age that Madame Ancelot first knew her. Madame Lebrun threw open her beautiful rooms, and gathered around her those old friends who had survived her long exile. In vain, however, she attempted to revive the amusements of her youth, for the memory of the past was more powerful than the enjoyments of the present. "We could not," says Madame Ancelot, "identify ourselves with a past which was almost unknown to us." "Our political, literary, and artistic sympathies made us like all these people without completely comprehending them; they had lived in other ideas, other habits, and society ceased to have any unity." In 1830, "la plupart de ces vieillards suivirent une seconde fois la monarchie dans l'exil," and the *salon* of Madame Lebrun again survived the storm. Madame Ancelot frequented the *salons* of Gérard, M. de Lancy, the Marquis de Custine, Duchesse d'Abrantes, Charles Nodier, and others. That of Gérard may be considered the most intellectual. He is best known to us as the painter of "Bélisaire," and had a great reputation in his day, it being said by his friends—"S'il était le peintre des rois, il était le roi des peintres." His conversation was as remarkable as his works:—"Gérard avait encore une grande réputation d'homme spirituel, et il possédait en effet l'esprit le plus fin, le plus judicieux, le plus flexible, joint au bon goût le plus délicat." His friendship was valued by Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, and Pozzo di Borgo. Humboldt, Cuvier, M. Mérimée, Beyle, Eugène Delacroix, Alfred de Vigny, Madame Gay, and her daughter, Madame Émile de Girardin, were amongst the distinguished and "exceptional" persons whom Gérard received. His *salon* existed more than thirty years. "On faisait le tour du monde, ou restait dix ans absent, puis au retour c'était le même salon, où se retrouvaient de même les sommités de l'intelligence, et de même encore vous étiez accueilli comme si l'on vous eût vu la veille et que l'amitié n'eût pas eu de lacune."

It was at the house of the Duchesse d'Abrantes that Madame Ancelot constantly met Balzac, who expressed to her his idolatry for Napoleon, and the privilege he felt it to be to know the wife of Junot, who had seen the childhood of the Emperor. "Elle est pour moi comme un bienheureux qui viendrait s'asseoir à mes côtés, après avoir vécu au ciel tout près de Dieu." It was Balzac who erected in his house "a little altar, surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, with this inscription—'That which he commenced with the sword, will I finish with the pen.'" "Like the greater number of the writers of our epoch, Balzac was completely ignorant of the art of talking. His conversation was little more than an amusing monologue, animated and occasionally noisy, but only full of himself or that which belonged to him. Good and evil were so exaggerated, that they lost all appearance of truth. In his last years, his ever-growing need of money, and his hopes of gaining it, increased in the same proportion; and his future millions and his present debts were the subject of every discourse."

The account of the *salon* of Madame Recamier is interesting to us, as it was to its frequenters, from the presence of M. de Chateaubriand. Madame Ancelot's sketch of the antiquated and artificial beauty seems a little spiteful, but drawn from life. "I repeat," she says, "that I have only seen Chateaubriand and Madame Recamier in the decline of life, and I have been witness to the continual efforts that they made to prolong the triumphs of their best years, and to lose nothing of the brilliant success which genius and beauty attracted—a necessary but painful struggle against the disdain, or at least neglect, of a cruel world, which, in our days, finds the greatest pleasure in overthrowing its idols." From four to six o'clock, Madame Recamier threw open her retreat of l'Abbaye-au-Bois. Those who arrived were ushered into a darkened room, where every one "talked in an undertone, as if there had been an invalid in the room." "Le Grand Lama," as he was wittily called by Beyle, was "invariably seated on the left side of the fire-place, whilst the mistress of the house occupied the right." Madame Recamier murmured her skilful and graceful flattery to each celebrity in turn. Occasionally, Chateaubriand spoke enthusiastically on subjects which interested him, with a voice and manner that was irresistible in its charm; but he oftener preserved a fastidious silence. He showed his indifference to the conversation around him by stroking a pet cat that slept on a low chair by his side. This animal, like everything else in the house, had its especial reason for being there. If the conversation was prolonged beyond his liking, Chateaubriand left off stroking the cat, and commenced playing with the tassel of a bell-rope, which explained "the increase of ennui and the commencement of impatience." Madame Recamier understood that his patience was exhausted, and found means of letting the bore know that there was a limit to his eloquence. Madame Ancelot was often an observer of this little bye-play. Chateaubriand's self-adoration was lamentable, though Madame Ancelot thinks that he showed it "with the grace of a man of the world, and the *finesse* of a man of intellect who arrests pride on the confines of ridicule." His own apology was—"Si on m'accuse de me glorifier, je répondrai qu'il faut à présent agir avec la société comme on le fait dans un estaminet, où l'on est

obligé, pour ne pas être étouffé, de repousser avec sa fumée la fumée d'autrui." As we have shown, Madame Ancelot can marshal a brilliant array of eminent names, and she gives us traits, anecdotes, and sayings worth remembering. We confess we should have been better satisfied if she had been more minute in her descriptions of her famous contemporaries. Even the foibles of the illustrious dead seem worthy to be remembered, and it is not childish curiosity alone that attaches importance to the persons of great men. Thanks to portraiture, we know the heroic pose, but the familiar exterior of genius is often lost.

The effect produced by Madame Ancelot's recollections will, to some minds, be sad. With some honourable exceptions, we cannot think with pleasure of the persons who composed the brilliant society of the *salons de Paris*—it is truly showing the "revers de la médaille." The figure of a rocket which ascends with splendour and applause, and sinks in darkness and neglect, though not a new, is a true emblem of too many lives. We see Gérard's worthy old age shadowed by neglect, the wife of the once Governor of Paris living in debt and dying in a garret, Charles Nodier deserted by his brilliant circle, Madame Recamier surviving her celebrity, and Chateaubriand outliving, not his fame, but its first lustre.

Madame Ancelot's life has been spent, not only in the *salons* of Paris, but by the side of *foyers* now *éteints*, and she, a labourer in the literary world, can well appreciate the works and characters of those in whose intimacy she has lived. We look forward with pleasure to the continuance she has promised of recollections alike interesting to the writer and the public.

THE DEGENERATIONS OF OUR RACE.*

HAS the human race degenerated? Confining ourselves to the historic period, as that in which alone the question can be fairly placed, we think a mass of evidence contradicts the idea—once very current, and still energetically maintained by some writers—that the race has degenerated. There are three aspects in which such degeneracy may be considered—First, the physical condition of the race, as manifested in stature, strength, and longevity; secondly, its moral condition, as manifested in the increased cultivation of the sympathetic and altruistic tendencies, combating native egoism; thirdly, its intellectual condition, as manifested in the greater development of cerebral activity in all directions. With regard to the first, the evidence, while preponderating in favour of a decided advance, is not conclusive, because not sufficiently precise. That we have not degenerated in stature is rendered probable by the comparative smallness of ancient armour. At the Eglintoun tournament, it was found very difficult, often impossible, to clothe our modern knights in the armour of their ancestors. That we have not degenerated in muscular strength is not proveable; but that the average length of life is much greater than it was at any former period of which we have evidence, no one doubts. Physically, then, we cannot be said to have degenerated. Morally, our progress is incontestable—the race is less brutal, less egoistic, less reckless. Look at it from what point you will, our moral life is nobler than that of our ancestors. But when we approach the third point—namely, that of intellectual progress—our steps are less assured. It seems absurd to maintain that the Parisians or Londoners of 1857 are, in respect of intellectual activity, superior to the Athenians of the age of Pericles. It would be preposterous to assert that greater intellectual power is exhibited by our philosophers, poets, orators, and historians, than has been manifested in various epochs of the world by the great men of other countries. Our knowledge may be, and is, both wider and more accurate; but the intellectual power which manipulates this material can scarcely be considered greater. For vastness and reach of intellectual power, what modern will be placed above Aristotle? If Shakespeare is an advance on Sophocles, who is equal to Shakespeare?

Nevertheless, although ancestral splendour may dazzle our eyes when we fix them on individuals, and may force us to admit the existence of very strong men before Agamemnon—just as we may find examples of greater physical strength and of higher moral endowments in certain selected specimens—we think it true that the intellectual activity of the race has increased. Our intellectual captains may be less illustrious, but our armies are greater, and are better officered. If our teachers are less eminent in stature, their audiences are thousandfold more numerous. Aristotle and Plato may have been more or less appreciated by a few hundred cultivated Athenians, but they would never have conceived it possible that the *Banauoi* should listen to them. Yet our mechanics would have given them a hearty reception. Many a hardhanded artizan is ennobling his leisure over Plato, Spinoza, Descartes, or Bacon. There is more cerebral activity in England at the present moment than at any period of our history, and we are surely not without warrant if we assert that the first hundred men we may meet in the Strand would represent a far greater amount of intelligence than a hundred Athenian citizens; so that the intellectual advance of the race may be admitted as extremely probable.

Believing that our race has not degenerated, we open M. Morel's treatise with some curiosity to see what arguments he had to bring forward. In spite of his title, it very soon becomes

* *Traité des Dégénérescences Physiques, Intellectuelles, et Morales, de l'Espèce Humaine.* Par B. A. Morel. Paris. 1857.

apparent that he is not about to treat this question at all; and midway in the volume he puts it only to evade it. Instead of considering the question of Degeneracy, he treats only of Degenerations—that is to say, of particular cases, which, when vigorously looked at, turn out to be nothing more than maladies. Indeed, his very definition of a *dégénérescence* is what we should call a chronic disease. The consequences of such chronic diseases in impairing the organism of the individual, and, by hereditary transmission, that of the offspring, form indeed a fine subject for investigation; and this it is which M. Morel has undertaken to sketch in the work before us. By a law of our organism, however, all such evil consequences have their term. While it is true that habitual drunkenness, for example, produces degeneracy in the individual—affecting his physical, moral, and intellectual condition—and while, as a consequence of this degeneracy, all his children will be more or less affected in the same way, so that if they become drunkards their offspring will probably be idiots or deformities, and thus the evil becomes propagated, and the race seems in peril—it is also true that the very evil tends to its own extinction, by rendering the individuals thus affected utterly sterile when they reach a certain stage. Just as in our bodies there is a constant tendency to a state of healthy activity—a tendency which restores the equilibrium incessantly disturbed by our imprudences, and which some physicians regard as sufficient to restore health without the aid of medicines—so also there is a tendency in the race towards moral healthy activity, and an equilibrium is established. If, in our own case, it be not restored, death ensues; and in the race, also, extinction of the peccant organism supervenes. Beyond a certain limit our organism will not continue disturbed—life, impatient of these frets and hindrances, gets rid of them at once. In like manner, our race refuses to tolerate more than a certain amount of deterioration—it eliminates the evil by refusing to reproduce the deteriorated organism.

Thus it appears that, however interesting the inquiries instituted by M. Morel as regards individual maladies, very little importance can be attached to them with reference to the question of degeneracy. What he has done might, indeed, have been done much better, but is nevertheless useful as a collection of data which may at least serve as suggestions and starting-points for more extended researches. In the *Prolegomena* he treats of the modifications undergone by animals and men when placed in novel and peculiar conditions, and on the hereditary transmission of such modifications both as aptitudes and as diseases. There is nothing worthy of special attention in his remarks on this subject, except that they point to an important consideration, too generally overlooked, and in some cases flatly denied—namely, to the influence of hereditary transmission of diseases, no less than of vices, aptitudes, &c. That madness, consumption, cretinism, and drunkenness are hereditary, is proved by such a mass of evidence, and indeed reposes on a physiological principle so clear in itself, that, *à priori*, the conclusion might have been drawn, and would never have been doubted, were it not for the facts which seem to contradict it in the daily experience of madness, consumption, &c., not passing from the parent to the child. Do these facts contradict the law of transmission? Not in the least. They are in rigorous accordance with it. The law being that *each* parent participates in the offspring, in unequal and varying degrees—

Half is thine and half is his: 'twill be worthy of the two—

the effect of the healthy organism will be to neutralize, and often to overcome, the effect of the unhealthy organism.

We allude to this, not only because of its importance, but because it bears directly on the question of Degenerations and their influence on the race; for while it is quite true that diseases, by deteriorating the parent, necessarily, to some extent, deteriorate the offspring, it is equally true that the influence of the one parent is controlled by that of the other (when that other is healthy), and that in the long run the healthy influence predominates. Thus in the mixture of races, the stronger, although considerably less numerous, tends to absorb the weaker, and finally prevails.

M. Morel enters on the main topic of his work by treating of the poisonous agencies which produce degeneracy. His history of the *Alcoholismus Chronicus*, or disease produced by intemperance, is merely an abridgment of the great work by Magnus Huss on this subject; and the remarks on the influence of alcohol on the physical and intellectual condition, while containing many valuable details, require frequent correction. He then presents us with types of the various degeneracies which intemperance produces, and types of the hereditary transmission of such degeneracies. These cases are full of interest—some of them appalling. M. Morel next considers opium, hashish, and tobacco in the same way, that is to say, without criticism, but with abundance of details. He then treats of the influence of bad food, especially of damaged cereals, and the diseases consequent thereon; and also of the various mineral poisons to which, especially in manufactures, large classes are subjected. The chapter on the influence of intermarriages might have been greatly extended with advantage; but in this, as in the other chapters where he treats of the influence exercised by insufficient food, by the nature of the soil, &c., the reader will find much curious matter, which, though ill put together, and without philosophical interpretation, is yet interesting as affording data on topics of general interest.

FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS.

MR. CYRUS REDDING'S *Recollections* are founded, as he tells us, on the principle announced by the poet Gray, that if any man were to form a book out of what he had seen and heard himself, it would, as a matter of course, be an amusing one. If the statement had been that it would probably contain much that is amusing, it would have been much more like the truth. Most men, during a moderately long life, must both see and hear many interesting things, but they must also unfortunately see and hear many others which it would be better once for all to forget and to have done with; and Mr. Redding would seem to have duly fulfilled each of these conditions of human existence. The incidents of his career present nothing very remarkable in themselves, though they were such as to afford him opportunities of seeing a good many sides of life, which he certainly used with considerable diligence. He appears, though he does not mention his exact age, to be about seventy years old, or perhaps rather more. He was born in Cornwall, came early in life to London, and obtained employment, partly as a writer and partly as a sort of sub-editor, from a Mr. Samuel, who edited a paper called the *Pilot*, which was set up for the purpose of discussing East Indian affairs. He passed the whole of his life in similar employments at various places, having acted as editor of a paper at Plymouth for some considerable time, then as correspondent to some London journal, and as assistant apparently to Mr. Galignani in the management of his paper at Paris. He was next employed in the same way in Warwickshire. Subsequently, for ten years, he edited the *New Monthly Magazine*, in connexion with the poet Campbell. After this, he edited another magazine, called the *Metropolitan*, which had a very short existence. He then went to Bath, then to Stafford, then back to London, where he assisted Mr. Fonblanque in editing the *Examiner*. Moreover, he wrote a *History of Wines*, commenced a *History of the Duchy of Cornwall*, and undertook all sorts of other literary enterprises of more or less importance. He now records such of his experiences as he thinks likely to be interesting.

The book is very much what might have been expected at the hands of such an author. It contains a great deal which we should think no one can possibly care to know. It is filled with very trivial and even wearisome gossip about the various contributors to the *New Monthly*, and the difficulties between its editors and its proprietor. It abounds in marvellous stories, which Mr. Redding seems to have believed with a singularly easy faith; and it appears to us to display throughout an exaggerated estimate of the importance and dignity of the author's own pursuits, and some contempt for the more regular and commonplace business of life. These defects, however, are to a considerable degree redeemed by merits which are not very usually found in connexion with them. Mr. Redding always writes like a gentleman. Some of his local descriptions and recollections are very vivid and picturesque. Many of his stories are amusing, and they are pretty generally well told. He sometimes slips into a sort of Own Correspondent style; but, generally speaking, he says what he has to say very straightforwardly, and without unreasonable wire-drawing.

During his editorship at Plymouth, Mr. Redding had a pleasant time, and had considerable opportunities for making curious observations. He saw Sir John Moore's army return from Corunna, and Lord Chatham's, or what was left of it, from Walcheren. The deadliness of the fever at the latter place was awful. It lurked in the men who left the island apparently in health, and broke out sometimes months afterwards. During the war, Plymouth was alive with naval and military men and things. Mr. Redding was fond of sea-fishing, and being out on an excursion with this object, he once fell in with two large ships, one being towed by the other. The ship in tow was grievously battered in the masts, from one of which flew the tricolour under the Union-jack. She was the *Thetis*, of 44 guns, and had struck to the *Amethyst*, of 36, under Sir Michael Foster. The action was one of the hardest during the war. It lasted an hour and a half. The French lost, out of 400 men, 135 killed and 102 wounded; the English, about 70 out of 230. Mr. Redding describes the appearance of the captured ship with a terrible fidelity. We will only mention one feature of the scene. In one place he saw thirteen men laid side by side, all with lock-jaw. The English sailors of that day had a practical experience of firing which made them terrible enemies. They fired by a kind of knack, noting the heave of the ship, and pulling the cord attached to the lock when a sort of instinct warned them that it was time. They always fired at the hull, and generally with terrible effect. The French, on the other hand, aimed at preventing manœuvring by crippling the rigging. At Plymouth, amongst other persons, Mr. Redding sometimes saw Lord Dundonald, the splendour of whose services justifies him in repeating the often-told tale of the Basque Roads. There is a sort of sublimity in the transaction which must stir the blood, however often it is mentioned. It is hard to understand what a man must have been made of who could steer a ship laden with fifteen hundred barrels of powder, bound together with cables, packed close with clay, and having on the top of the powder 300 loaded shells and 2000 grenades, right through the concentrated fire of a whole fleet,

* *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal; with Observations on Men and Things.* By Cyrus Redding. 3 vols. London: Charles Sleet. 1858.

besides land batteries, and who could himself, on leaving her, light the match which, in a quarter of an hour, was to blow her up.

After passing some time in London, Mr. Redding went to Paris on the errand which we have already referred to. He lived there for two or three years after the Peace was concluded, but he adds little to our previous knowledge of the time beyond some trivial, and occasionally not over authentic stories. Out of more than 150 pages devoted to this part of his life, we can hardly find a single circumstance of any interest, though there is a sort of sprightliness in the anecdotes related which carries the reader on. One, neither much worse nor much better than the rest, relates that Mr. Redding went to see a man who had been one of Fouquier Tinville's jurymen, and had passed days and weeks in condemning people to death for six francs a day. He was nearly the last survivor of the tribunal, as almost every one else connected with it had been executed. He lived in the most abject misery and remorse, hardly ever looking up from the ground, and passing hours together with his head resting on his breast.

On leaving France, Mr. Redding entered into fresh engagements in Warwickshire, where he saw a good deal of Dr. Parr. He describes him as a sort of bastard Dr. Johnson as far as behaviour went, though nothing could be more unlike than their politics. What with constant smoking, wearing a huge wig, and finishing the fish sauce when the fish was removed, he must have succeeded in making himself singular enough. He was, however, a man of very strong political principle and great courage. Mr. Redding gives several instances of this. He had a great and reasonable horror of the extraordinary cruelty of the criminal law as it then stood. He was once witness in a capital case at the assizes, and after giving his evidence began to lecture the Court. "Go down, Dr. Parr, go down," said the judge. "I will go down, my Lord, I will go down. I will go out of this slaughter-house as fast as I can." Another time he preached an assize sermon on the text, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." The Warwick Assizes furnish Mr. Redding with another story which forms, we believe, one of the legends of the Midland Circuit, but which will probably be new to most of our readers. Best—afterwards Lord Wynford—was trying a man, who is still living and well known in Warwickshire, for a blasphemous libel. He justified some of the expressions of which he had made use, and the judge was at last heard to growl out in a fury, "I'll be damned if I sit here to hear the Christian religion reviled in this way."

From Warwickshire Mr. Redding returned to London, where he edited the *New Monthly Magazine* in conjunction with the poet Campbell. He gives a great mass of gossip and correspondence on this subject which is not much worth reading; but to those who have any curiosity on the subject there will probably be some interest in seeing the interior politics of a magazine displayed. Campbell, Blanco White, Hazlitt, the late Judge Talfourd, Ugo Foscolo, and Miss Mitford were amongst the contributors. Sheil and Curran, too, wrote occasionally. We cannot say much for the interest of the information which Mr. Redding gives us on the subject. It appears that Justice Talfourd was scrupulously punctual in his contributions, and that during the whole of Mr. Redding's connexion with the magazine, he never once disappointed him. His other contributors were less conscientious, and his co-editor Campbell was extremely careless, and earned 600*l.* a-year upon very cheap terms indeed. The general staple of the remainder of the book is not good. It has a certain vivacity, but it relates almost entirely to matters of merely personal and temporary interest. It contains, however, here and there an amusing or curious anecdote. Of the former, the best relates to the first Sir Robert Peel. His son, General (then Colonel) Peel, kept race-horses, and the father suggested to him that as they wanted putting out to grass, and as Drayton Park had been let to a tenant who did not pay his rent, so that the grass on it was being wasted, he might as well turn them out there. The son unwarily accepted the offer, whereupon the father immediately seized them in distress for the rent due. Of the more permanently interesting anecdotes, perhaps the best are those which refer to Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, whom Mr. Redding often saw during his editorship at Bath. He resided in extraordinary splendour, and in the strictest possible seclusion, at Lansdowne, near that city. He was then seventy-six years of age, and he lived to be upwards of eighty. There is something almost awful in the impression which he seems to have communicated to all who came near him of a sort of insolent good fortune in all the affairs of life. He retained undisturbed possession of his faculties, of his health, and even of his eyesight up to the very end of his life. When Mr. Redding knew him, he used to read without spectacles. Some years after, he was run away with by a spirited horse, and pulled him up without assistance; and the warmth and vivacity of his temperament were such, that when much past seventy he chased his gardener—also an old man—all through a plantation, in order to cane him for having been guilty of some real or imaginary neglect. He was at one time supposed to be the richest subject in England, and he spent 273,000*l.* in building and ornamenting Fonthill, of which he was afterwards deprived by a suit in Chancery. There was hardly any whim which he could not and did not indulge. In order to keep off poachers, he built a wall round Fonthill eight miles long and twelve feet high in about twelve months; and when at Lausanne, merely to indulge a fancy, he bought Gibbon's

library, nearly read himself blind over it, and then gave it away to his physician, Dr. Scholl. He was a kind master, and kept his servants from youth to age, and he gave away large sums in charity. It is curious to speculate on the processes by which such a man could persuade himself to despise a world to which he owed so much, and from which he really seems to have derived all that made him remarkable. If such feelings could ever be right, it would be when found in some unknown and unadmired day-labourer, who took nothing from society beyond a bare equivalent for the labour which he gave it.

Apart from his own adventures and observations, Mr. Redding's book has many reflections upon the existing state of literature. He greatly deplores its tendency to become a mere trade, or at best a mere amusement. The subject is a very large and deep one, but Mr. Redding's *Recollections* suggest one remark which we think deserves attention. At the time of his entrance into life, and during the earlier part of his career, the position which literature occupied in this country had one casual and temporary advantage of which it has now to a considerable extent been deprived. The harshness and intolerance of the Government, and the corrupt state of all the professions which had any relation to it, drove the higher and more generous minds into opposition, and forced them to criticise instead of conducting the business of life. It is in reforming, or, as Mr. Carlyle disrespectfully calls them, "scavenger" ages, that current ephemeral literature naturally occupies its highest position; but in our own days there is nothing to repel men of character and ability from those political and professional pursuits which, in an healthy state of things, naturally absorb the larger proportion of the best minds of the country.

We may conclude by remarking that it would be as well if Mr. Redding corrected the press a little more carefully. It is rather ludicrous to find, in the midst of lamentations over the decay of learning, our dear old friend transformed into "Ingenias dedecisse"—to learn that it is the "censorium" in which ideas reside—that Sir James Mackintosh wrote the "*Vindica Gallica*"—and that the Latin for the sixth month is "sextus mensis."

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